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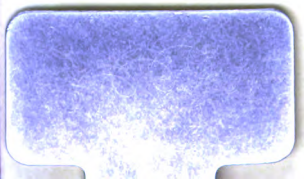
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SEVEN WAYS OF TEARING MASS.





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SEPTEM.

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SEPTEM;

OR

Seven Ways of Hearing Mass.

BY THE

REV. FATHER RAWES, O.S.C.

"We have an Altar whereof they have no power to eat who serve the Tabernacle." *Heb. xiii. 10.*

"I saw ; and, behold, in the midst of the Throne and of the four Living Creatures, and in the midst of the Ancients, a Lamb standing as it were slain." *Apoc.*

Third Edition.



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In honour of the
FIVE SACRED WOUNDS OF THE LAMB,
I DEDICATE THESE DEVOTIONS FOR MASS,
IN WHICH HE IS ALWAYS MYSTICALLY SLAIN,
TO
ABEL,
FIRST VIRGIN-MARTYR AND PRIEST ;
TO
MELCHISEDECH,
VIRGIN-KING OF SALEM AND PRIEST OF THE MOST HIGH GOD ;
AND TO THOSE THREE GREAT SAINTS,
JEREMIAS, ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST,
AND ST. PAUL,
WHO WERE VIRGIN-MARTYRS, PRIESTS, DOCTORS,
PROPHETS, AND APOSTLES.

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PREFACE.

No words can exaggerate the majesty of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In it the great Sacrifice, offered once for all on Calvary, is continued till the end of time. The bright-faced Angels bow down beneath their overshadowing wings as the splendour of the Mass falls on them with the light of a glory, brighter and more burning than their own. And all the Saints in the world of the changeless love cast down their crowns of gold on the Altar-steps, as the Divine Victim is mystically offered to His Father in the tremendous Sacrifice ; as He is lifted up amongst His people, in the might of His prevailing intercession.

The world would be dark without the

sun, but that darkness would be little compared to the darkness of the Church without Mass. The very name of Mass should be inexpressibly dear to us, sounding most sweetly in our ears and hearts. For Mass is the true and perfect worship of God. The crowned Intelligences in the Eternal Morning cannot give to God a worship so perfect as that which is given to Him in the Mass. The worship of the Mass is the worship wherewith the Divine Humanity of Jesus worships the Uncreated God. Now the Sacred Humanity is God, because of its personal union with the Eternal Word. Consequently Mass is the worship wherewith God worships Himself. Thus it is so bright that we are almost blinded by it, and so awful that we lie prostrate in spirit before the Sapphire Throne. Of all the great gifts of God's love, marvellous and abounding, which He has given us here, there is not one so great and so wonderful as this Holy Sacrifice. For in Mass there is not only Jesus present as He always is

in the Blessed Sacrament, but there is Jesus in His Sacred Humanity offered as a perpetual Victim to the Eternal Father, to Himself as God, and to the Eternal Spirit : that is, to the Ever-Blessed Trinity, the One God. Well may the inhabitants of the Heavenly City be smitten with a great love and a great adoration, as the shadow of the Mass falls upon them. And on the other hand, how cold and dark and hopeless, save for the mercy of God, is the lot of those who grope about in their darkness, not knowing this saving mystery of the one true Church of Jesus Christ, or, what is ten thousand times worse, denying it and blaspheming it when it is known ! The compassionate Angels look down with a great pity on those who ignorantly wander in the thousand ways of error ; but with a great hatred and a great indignation on those proud and wilful and self-righteous men, who deliberately set themselves up against the revealed Truth of God.

In the Mass our great High Priest Jesus

Christ intercedes for us within the Veil. There He is the Lamb slain. On the Altar is the Bush burning with fire, yet ever unconsumed. From that burning Bush, which is the Blessed Sacrament, the flame of a pillar of fire, majestic and beautiful, piercing the skies, rises into the brightness of the empyreal Heaven, where stands the emerald-girdled Throne. And, in another way, there the Divine Victim lies amongst the lilies of Paradise, whilst the fragrance of the great Sacrifice goes up to God, like the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed. There is the Fountain whence the waters of life are poured ceaselessly through the world of souls ; there is the beginning of all fruitfulness in the New Creation. The Bread of the single-minded and the Wine of the clean in heart are stored in that garner of God into which the wealth of all His harvest-homes is gathered. There the Sacred Humanity, being God, is ever-fruitful and ever-virgin, unsullied, undimmed, yet giving life to all. In bright-

ness and purity which no thought can reach, in the glory of virgin-love, shining with its own flame and lighted by its own splendour, the Love of the Sacred Heart overshadows creation and sustains it and blesses it. There in the strength and beauty of a dazzling radiance is the ivory Throne set with sapphires. There is the Heap of Wheat girdled with Lilies, in the Paradise of Pomegranates, amidst the fruits of the Orchard. The Apostle tells us of all the mystery of our Lord's intercession; how this Man "in that He continueth for ever hath an everlasting Priesthood; whereby He is able also to save for ever them that come to God by Him, always living to make intercession for us." He "did not glorify Himself that He might be made a High Priest, but He that said unto Him, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee. As He saith also in another place, Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech." "We have such a High Priest, Who is set on the right hand of

the Throne of majesty in the Heavens : a Minister of the Sanctuary and of the true Tabernacle which the Lord hath pitched, and not man." "Christ being present, a High Priest of the good things to come, by a greater and more perfect Tabernacle, not made with hands, that is, not of this creation : neither by the blood of goats nor of calves, but by His Own Blood, He entered, once into the Holy Place, having obtained eternal redemption." What this High Priest did, He did once for all. He made on His Cross a perfect satisfaction for the sins of all the world. In its peerless majesty and significance, in its solitary grandeur and power, that great Sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary stands out alone in the eternity of God. There is nothing to which it is like or to which we can compare it. He was offered once with blood on the Cross, and in that way He can never be offered again : "Christ was offered once to exhaust the sins of many." There is not and cannot be a sin for which He did not

make satisfaction on His Cross. And if the terrible sin against the Holy Ghost, that is, the sin of final impenitence, cannot be forgiven, it is not because the Sacrifice of Jesus is not sufficient for its forgiveness, but because the impenitent sinner does not choose to lay hold of the offers of salvation. But our Lord's Sacrifice on Calvary is eternal. And because it can never be repeated, therefore it is always continued. Thus mystically, day by day, He is offered in a deathless and bloodless way in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and thus also no words can set forth the grandeur and solemnity and awfulness of that Unbloody Sacrifice, in which He is present continually on the Altars of the Church, being our High Priest within the Veil, ever making intercession for us.

Now when we understand this true doctrine of the Mass, we see why the Church prescribes for that Holy Sacrifice the use of a language which people generally do not understand. The fact is, that it is quite

immaterial whether a person hearing Mass understands Latin or not. Many people who do not know a word of it hear Mass far better than others who do. Nor do I allude to those who follow the prayers of the Mass in an English translation. For my own part I think it better for persons not to have those translations, or at least not to use them during Mass. The prayers of the Mass were written for the Priest who offers the Sacrifice, and not for the body of the faithful. I mean that often an uneducated person, saying his Rosary during Mass, and uniting his intention to the intention of the Priest at the different parts, offers to God a more reasonable and acceptable service than many of those who follow the Priest almost word for word in each prayer. And the reason for this is that Mass is something done. It is an action; and therefore persons can unite in it without knowing a word of the language in which it is offered. If I see a man drowning, I do not wait to hear in what

language he is crying for help ; but I go at once to his assistance. If I see a man looking for anything he has lost, I can assist him in his search without knowing his language, without even knowing whether he can speak or not. So, if I see a man saying Mass, and if I understand what Mass is, I can unite with him in offering the Sacrifice to God without even hearing a word that he says. Mass is a real action, just as much as the Crucifixion was. As Mary and John and Magdalen looked on the dying Victim, so we by faith look upon Him offered mystically in Mass. It is altogether different when we unite in prayer, or join together in singing hymns. Then of course it is necessary for us to understand what the Priest is saying, or what is being sung : “ I will pray with the spirit, I will pray also with the understanding : I will sing with the spirit, I will sing also with the understanding. Else if thou shalt bless with the spirit, how shall he that holdeth the place of the

unlearned say Amen to thy blessing? for he knoweth not what thou sayest." Persons out of the Church have no other idea of worship than united prayer. They are utterly ignorant of the doctrine of Sacrifice. With an appalling blindness they are blind to the true worship of God. The highest and holiest act of religion is unknown to them; is as if God had never ordained it. If they speak of Mass, they only speak of it to blaspheme. We can therefore easily see how wisely the Church acts in this matter when she ordains that Mass must be said in Latin. And if in some parts of the East other languages are allowed, yet they are ancient languages, long forgotten, which the people generally do not understand. This is a great safeguard of the true doctrine. And thus everyone, unfettered by the letter of any book, can assist at the great Sacrifice which the High Priest after the order of Melchisedech offers on the Altar by the hands of His Ministers; and can bring, as and

when he pleases, all his joys and griefs and perplexities and fears and thanksgivings to God, and lay them at His Feet. His prayers are not cramped or hindered by formal words unsuitable to him at the time, but in the liberty of the Spirit, and in the freedom wherewith Christ hath made him free, he can make known with confidence all his wants to God. It is different of course with the Priest who says Mass. He must use the prescribed form of words, for he offers the Sacrifice not in his own name, but in the name and as it were in the person of our Lord. But when he hears Mass he can pray with the same liberty as others. It is of this worship our Lord spoke when He said, "the true adorers shall adore the Father in spirit and in truth." "God is a Spirit; and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and in truth."

Mass therefore being the very holiest and highest act of worship, we ought to assist at it with intense reverence and devotion. We ought to be very careful

never to hear Mass carelessly, but try to gain from it all the fruit that we can, and give to God by it all the glory that we can. Let us therefore understand clearly the fruit of this holy Sacrifice.

Now the fruit of Mass is twofold, for there is the Offerer and the Victim. But the Offerer also is twofold, that is, Christ and the Priest. Consequently there is a twofold fruit of Mass as regards the Offerer. One fruit comes from our Lord Himself, and is said to come *ex opere operato*, because it is received by the Merits of Christ and through His promises. The other comes from the Priest who says Mass, and is said to come *ex opere operantis*, because it is given according to the merit and devotion of the Priest. Thus the Mass said by a holy Priest, as far as its intrinsic value is concerned, is not one whit more profitable than a Mass said by a bad Priest; for thus considered the Sacrifice is the work of Christ, and its fruit comes only from His Merits. In this sense, there-

fore, the Mass of a bad Priest has as much value as the Mass of a good Priest. But if we regard the fruit which comes *ex opere operantis*, then in this sense we must say that there is greater fruit from the Mass according to the better dispositions of the Celebrant.

Let us see further what is the fruit of the Mass as regards the Victim. This is fourfold. There is first the fruit which is called *most general*, and which comes from the Sacrifice as it is offered by the Priest in the name of the whole Church. All the faithful share in this, though the Priest does not think of them. But it would seem that they share in it by way of *prayer*, not by way of *satisfaction*; for otherwise, from the thousands of Sacrifices daily offered, each person in a state of sanctifying grace would obtain remission of much temporal punishment without knowing it, and this seems incredible. Then there is the *general* fruit which they obtain who assist at Mass and unite with the Priest in

offering it. As this fruit depends on the dispositions of the worshippers, it is greater according to their devotion and holiness. Hence, although thousands may be hearing Mass, each one receives graces from it proportioned to his devotion, just as much as if he were the only person hearing it. Next there is the *special* fruit which comes to him or to them for whom the Priest specially says Mass. These participate in the benefits of the Sacrifice *ex opere operato*, as far as it is *impetratory* and *propitiatory*; and indeed, if they put no obstacle in the way, as far as it is *satisfactory*. Lastly, there is the *most special* fruit, which belongs to the Priest who says Mass, as a private person. For if they who hear Mass receive a special fruit from the Sacrifice, much more ought this to be so with the Priest who offers it. It is doubtful, however, whether the Priest can apply *this* fruit to others. But is the value of the Sacrifice of the Mass infinite? It is certainly infinite if looked at *in itself*, whe-

ther you regard the Victim or the Offerer. For in Mass Christ is the Victim and principal Offerer. Therefore Mass is the offering of a Victim of infinite price, and thus has an infinite value. But it cannot be infinite as regards its application to individuals, or as regards its effect and its fruits. For creatures being finite are not capable of receiving such an application as this. Still, the application is greater or less according to their dispositions and capacities. This that I have said, about the fruits of the Mass and its application, is little more than a translation of what Gury says on the subject.

I must now say something about the idea and plan of these Masses. It is most important to hear Mass not only with a definite intention, but also with a definite idea in the mind. Unless we do this, it seems to me that we fritter away and waste much of our time and much of our devotion. Our prayers are wanting in concentration and intenseness, and consequently

in depth and height also. We want unity and simplicity. It will be seen that one leading idea runs through each of these Masses. In the first the idea is *preparation*, whether it be preparation for Holy Communion or some great Festival, or some great event of our lives, or death or judgment. In the next the idea is *thanksgiving*, whether for spiritual or temporal blessings. It will be well also, as I have suggested, at the beginning of each Mass, to hear it in honour of some mystery of our Lord's life. Thus the first can be used in honour of His Incarnation, the second in honour of His glorified Life in Heaven and in the Blessed Sacrament. Then there is a Mass of Purification, in honour of the Precious Blood ; next, a Mass of Illumination, in honour of the Three Years' Ministry of the Light of the world ; and then a Mass of Union, in honour of His Sacred Heart, with which He loves us. After these is a Mass of Love, in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, in which our lov-

ing Jesus dwells always amongst us : and lastly, there is a Mass of Grace, in honour of our Blessed Lady, whom Jesus gave to us from His Cross to be our Mother, and by whom He gives His grace to souls. I may further suggest a few ways in which we may use these Masses, and thus I shall make my meaning clearer. You might use the Mass of Purification, if you are in mortal sin, in order that you may make a good confession ; or, if you are loving God, you may use it in order that you may avoid venial sins more carefully, or that you may get rid of all affection to venial sin, or that you may be careful to avoid all occasions of sin. You might also use it for the conversion of sinners. The Mass of Illumination would be useful as a prayer for more spiritual knowledge and discernment, for a deeper insight into the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. It might also very well be used as a prayer for the conversion of those who are out of the Church. The Mass of Union might be

made an offering to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for all His love and sorrow, or an act of reparation for the sins of the world and our own sins. And you might use the Mass of Love, in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, as a reparation to Jesus for the unbelief of the world, for the blasphemies and outrages heaped on Him in the Tabernacle, and for the unfaithfulness and coldness of His Own people. Our Lady's Mass might be used as a prayer for any grace we may need. Especially might you use it for the assistance of the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Or we might vary the method in these ways: we could hear Mass day by day for a week in honour of the Seven Bloodsheddings of our Lord, or in honour of His Seven Words on the Cross, taking a different Shedding of Blood, or a different Word, each day: or we might hear it in honour of our Lady's Seven earthly Joys, or her Seven Dolours, or her Seven Heavenly Joys. Again, we might very profitably hear Mass for a week as a

prayer to the Holy Ghost to strengthen His Seven Gifts in our souls: praying on the first day for the spirit of Wisdom, on the next day for the spirit of Understanding, then for the spirit of Counsel, the spirit of Fortitude, the spirit of Knowledge, the spirit of Godliness; ending on the last day by praying for the spirit of the Fear of the Lord. These are only a few suggestions to explain my meaning. Everyone will be able to extend them for himself.

Some of the prayers may be found rather too long for Low Masses. But it is very easy to leave out parts of them, if necessary. And in High Masses, I think, they will not be too long. For these Masses I have lengthened the prayers or thoughts at some of the *Glorias* and *Credos*. The Mass of Love, in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, is longer than the others. The idea of that Mass seemed to me to require a certain amount of repetition.

Perhaps, by leaving out the sentences

specially referring to Mass, these prayers might be used at other times.

I certainly do hope and pray that this little book may help some persons to hear Mass better than they have done heretofore. Mass is so terrible and so solemn that we ought to be before the Altar in fear and trembling, far more than was Moses before that burning Bush at Horeb. How is it then that persons can be careless and disrespectful and distracted at Mass, when the Angels of God are bowed down before the Majesty of the great Sacrifice, offered on the Altar, veiling their faces with their wings in the midst of the intolerable brightness? We are cold and careless, while the loving Seraphim are throbbing like seas of fire with adoration. We choose to be blind and ignorant, while the wise Cherubim are prostrate before the Altar with wonder and love. We think of ourselves and our plans, or of persons round us, whilst the strong Thrones are

swaying like reeds in the breath of that fiery majesty which girdles the Altar during the time of the tremendous Mysteries. "Our God is a consuming Fire." "Which of us can dwell with devouring fire? Which of us can dwell with everlasting Burnings?" Day by day we ought to try to grow in love and veneration for the Sacrifice of the Mass. Day by day its majesty and power and sweetness should more and more encircle and penetrate and overshadow our lives. Day by day it ought to seem to us a storehouse of richer and more abundant treasures, a fire of more burning love, a mountain more lighted with glory from Heaven, in the midst of the spiritual Israel. And in it our Lord should seem always to wear a more gleaming crown, and to be more loving and more majestic, on the Altars of His Roman Church, and on the eternal Altar before the "great white Throne."

At any rate they are blessed who wait for their Master's Coming. "Blessed are

those servants whom their Lord when He cometh shall find watching." "If He shall come in the second watch, or if He shall come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants." And so too those servants are blessed who watch for His Coming at Mass. Then He comes as really and truly to His Altar as He once came to the world, as He will come again at the last day to be the Judge of living and dead. "The Lord Whom ye seek and the Angel of the Testament Whom ye desire shall come to His Temple." He comes a thousand times a day to His Temple and His Altar in the Sacrifice of the Mass. Whenever His Priests say the words of Consecration over the Bread and Wine on the Corporal, then He comes. "Behold He cometh, saith the Lord of Hosts." "Who shall be able to think of the Day of His Coming? And who shall stand to see Him?" We ought then surely to be very reverent before the Altar at Mass: "The Lord is in His holy

Temple ; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Yet the world knows nothing of His Coming. The words which our Lord speaks of His second Coming are strictly true of His Coming to us in Mass : "As in the days of Noe, so shall also the Coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, even till that day in which Noe entered into the Ark, and knew not till the flood came and took them all away ; so shall also the Coming of the Son of Man be." Thus He comes to His Altar in the midst of the blind ignorant world. But His servants know of His Coming. Sometimes even they turn away from Him and grieve Him by their sins ; and this is a bitter and a terrible thing. Still there are always many faithful loving souls, who find Him wherever He is, and love Him and cleave to Him when He is found. Nowhere in this world, not even in the Tabernacle,

can He be found as He is found in the Mass. And "wheresoever the Body shall be, thither will the Eagles also be gathered together."

St. Francis of Assisi, Notting Hill.

Feast of St. John before the Latin Gate, 1865.





I.

A MASS OF PREPARATION, IN HONOUR OF THE INCARNATION.

At the Asperges.

INCARNATE Word, Thou didst send Thy messenger to prepare the way before Thee; give me grace to sweep my heart and cleanse it and garnish it, that it may be ready for Thy Divine Presence. Thou art the Eternal King, pure and glorious; and I am a creature dark and vile; give me Thy light, that I may be able to see Thee and love Thee.

Mary, Mother of Jesus, pray for me.

St. Joseph, foster-father of Jesus, pray for me.

St. Peter, first Vicar of Jesus, pray for me.

St. John the Baptist, Precursor of Jesus, pray for me.

St. John the Evangelist, beloved Disciple of Jesus, pray for me.

At the Judica.

Dear Lord, all judgment has been committed to Thee, because Thou art the Son of man; make me always remember the judgment of the last day; and make me also remember constantly the present judgment by which Thou dost judge me in every moment. So shall I be prepared for Thee, whenever it shall seem good to Thee to call me.

St. Peter, pray for me.

At the Confiteor.

Divine Master, I have lost myself in a far country, and because I forget Thee I am perishing with hunger. Through and by Thee I arise and come to my Father,

that I may be with Him always in His Home. In this my exile, whilst I am a homeless wanderer, I think of the banquet that is being prepared for me in Thy House, where Thy servants are always praising and loving thee.

St. Mary Magdalen, pray for me.

At the Introit.

Jesus, dear Lord, as Thou didst come into the world, so come more and more into my soul. I desire to love Thee above all things, but I am weak and cold; help me by Thy grace to prepare a Tabernacle for Thee in my heart. Let nothing come between Thee and me; but do Thou give me grace to make all earthly love a way leading up to Thee. And, dearest Lord, since Thou wilt come again into the world to judge the living and the dead, give me a spirit of holy fear and watchfulness, that I may keep my loins girded and my lamp burning in my hand, and so be ready to

go out and meet Thee in the Day of Thy Coming.

St. John the Baptist, pray for me.

My Angel-Guardian, pray for me.

At the Kyrie.

Dear Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me in Thy great goodness. I am blind ; give me my eyesight that I may see. I am cold ; kindle my heart with Thy sacred fire. I am broken-hearted ; give me Thy healing love. I am weak and sinful ; do Thou cleanse and strengthen me. I am weary at heart ; dear Lord, let me find rest with Thee.

St. Longinus and St. Dismas, pray for me.

At the Gloria.

As the Holy Angels, dear Lord, sang hymns of praise to Thee in Bethlehem, so may my soul sing to Thee sweet hymns of praise when I receive Thee in Holy Communion. But without Thee I can-

not come to Thee ; without Thy grace I am helpless ; without Thy light I must wander in the darkness. Guide me, Divine Saviour, to Thine Altar, as Thou didst guide the Shepherds to Thy Crib. Thou only art most high in the glory of God the Father ; look down on me, and love me, and pity me, and help me.

Mary, dearest Mother, pray for me.

St. Joseph and St. John the Baptist, pray for me.

Holy Shepherds, pray for me.

Angels of Christmas, pray for me.

St. Francis of Assisi, pray for me.

At the Collects.

Speak to me, Lord, and give me an ear and a heart to listen ; then speak to me again, that I may follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. Draw me, and then I will follow Thee, for no man can come to the Father but by Thee.

Give me grace to pray always and not

to faint and grow weary. When I seek, I find; when I ask, Thou dost give; when I knock, Thou, with Thy divine Hands, dost open.

Mary, my help, first of all the lovers of Jesus, pray for me.

Holy Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones, pray for me.

At the Epistle.

Amidst the sleep and distractions of this world, my heart waketh to Thee, my Divine Saviour. Thou art coming to me in Holy Communion; Thou art coming to me also one day to be my Judge; keep me always in Thy Divine Presence, that my eyes may be fixed upon Thee, and that my heart may always turn to Thee, my Love. Dearest Lord, I do wish to prepare myself for Thy Coming; but I cannot do it of myself, and Thou alone canst help me.

St. Paul, pray me.

At the Munda cor meum.

Give me, dear Lord, a pure and simple intention for the glory of God, that is, for Thy Glory ; so shall I always keep myself in a state of preparation for Thee.

My Angel-Guardian, pray for me.

At the Gospel.

Son of God, Thou didst send Thy messenger before Thy Face, to prepare Thy way before Thee ; and then Thou didst come suddenly to Thy Temple ; may Thy Holy Spirit so dwell in my heart that I may be kept from sin. May Thy Gospel be always to me a delight and a joy ; and may the very sound of Thy Name be to me always refreshment and rest.

St. John the Baptist, pray for me.

St. Paul, pray for me.

St. Francis Xavier, pray for me.

St. Charles Borromeo, pray for me.

At the Credo.

I thank Thee, dearest Lord, with all my

heart for Thy Divine Revelation ; give me grace to be faithful to Thee and to Thy Church unto death. I believe whatever Thou dost reveal to me by Thy Church ; and I condemn what she condemns, and abhor what she abhors. In a world of doubts and perplexities and tumults, amidst men who are seeking restlessly for the truth which they do not find, Thy Holy Church is to me a home of rest, in which I am sheltered from every storm. I love and venerate and adore Thee, my Divine Teacher, Who hast given to me the treasure of the Faith. In and by that Faith I desire to prepare myself for Thee. I love and adore Thee, Incarnate Word, the Head of Thy Church. I desire now to prepare myself to receive Thee in Holy Communion. Dear, Blessed Lord, give me grace to approach Thine Altar with great love and fear, that so with great reverence and great adoration I may receive Thee into my heart and soul. Give me grace also to prepare myself for Thy Coming at

the Last Day, and to be always waiting for Thee. My Judge and Spouse and King, I desire greatly to live with Thee, in Thy love, and to wait, as Thou desirest me to wait, for Thine Appearing.

Ye Holy Apostles of the Lamb, pray for me.

St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure, pray for me.

St. Ambrose and St. Augustin, pray for me.

At the Offertory.

Dear Lord, as the Bread and Wine are offered on Thine Altar in preparation for the Holy Sacrifice; so may my heart and soul be always offered unto Thee. As Thy holy Priest is now making all things ready for the great Sacrifice of the Mass; so do Thou, the High Priest within the Veil, make me ready, soul and body, for Thyself. By the mystery of Thine Incarnation, give me grace always to offer myself a sacrifice to Thee.

St. Peter and St. Paul, pray for me.

At the Lavabo.

O Judge of the living and the dead, as Thy Priest washes his hands, preparing them to touch the Sacred Accidents of Bread, which hide* from our sight Thee the Immaculate Lamb, and to lift the Sacred Chalice in which Thou art hidden under the appearance of Wine; help me to make my soul ready for Thee, that Thou mayest descend into it with joy, in the Blessed Sacrament. Help me also to keep myself waiting for Thee, that I may be ready whenever I shall hear Thy sweet Voice calling me from the world.

Mary, Mother of pure love, pray for me.

St. John the Baptist, pray for me.

St. Charles Borromeo, pray for me.

St. Catherine and St. Agnes, Virgin Martyrs, pray for me.

At the Secret Prayers

Secretly and silently, sweetest Jesus, Thou didst come into the world. Secretly

and silently Thou comest to us from Thine Altar as the Guest of our souls. I desire to wait for Thee always, and to be always ready for Thee. Thou art truly a Hidden God, the God of Israel, our Saviour. Thou art the true Light shining in darkness, and the darkness does not comprehend Thee. Thou art in Thine Own world, and it doth not acknowledge Thee ; doth not even know of Thy Divine Presence. But I can see Thee with the eyes of Faith and Love ; and I desire always to listen to Thy dear Voice, as Thou dost speak to me from the Tabernacle.

St. Joseph, by thy hidden life in Nazareth, pray for me.

At the Preface.

Unless we lift up our hearts to Thee, dear Lord, we must remain buried in the world and ourselves. But we cannot follow Thee, unless Thou drawest us : we cannot rise to Thee unless Thou sustain-

est us by Thy grace ; we cannot stay with Thee unless Thou keepest us safely in Thy Love. O Eternal King, give us grace to keep Thy Commandments, or, if it be Thy holy will, though we deserve it not, to follow Thee in the way of Thy Counsels. It is time for us to wake out of sleep, for our salvation cometh. It is time for us to lift up our heads in the great Redemption that is at hand. Soon will be heard in the midnight that piercing cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh : go ye out to meet Him." May the oil be burning in my lamp when I hear that cry. Soon Thou art coming into my soul : good Jesus, be ever with me, and make me more and more ready for Thyself. O Eternal Love, God and Man, strengthen me and prepare me to receive Thee, my Spouse, into my heart. In a little while Thy light will rise upon me, and Thy glory will shine upon me : and I, poor and blind and naked, shall be brought to that Light and to the brightness of that Rising.

Mary, Mother of Jesus, pray for me.

St. John the Evangelist, lover of the Blessed Sacrament, pray for me.

Ye holy and strong Thrones, pray for me.

My Angel-Guardian, pray for me.

At the Canon.

Eternal Father, I unite my intention to the intention of Thy Priest, now standing before the Altar to offer the Immaculate Lamb to Thee. Once He was offered because it was His Own Will, and He did not open His Mouth. Once He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and was dumb as a lamb before the shearers. Once He was wounded and bruised for us : bearing our infirmities, and carrying our sorrows. But now, without blood and without suffering, mystically He is offered to Thee by the hands of Thy Priest. I desire to assist worthily at this tremendous Sacrifice. But whereas I am dust and ashes, how

shall I speak to Thee, or how shall I dwell in the burning of Thy Presence? What shall I offer to the Lord that is worthy? Wherewith shall I kneel before the High God? In the midst of a wailing like the wailing of death, and in the midst of a mourning like the mourning of Adadremmon, I feel round me and in me the unearthly rest of the Tabernacle, and rejoice in Thee, my God and my Saviour.

Mary, Mother of holy hope, pray for me.

Ye holy Apostles of the Lamb, pray for me.

[Here make a Memento for the Living, and for those objects for which you desire to pray.]

At the Hanc igitur.

Dear Lord, as Thy Priest spreads his hands over the Oblation, so overshadow me with Thy Love and Care. Grave me, dearest Saviour, on the palms of those Hands that once were pierced on the Cross for me. Soon wilt Thou descend upon

Thine Altar; help me to prepare myself for Thee.

Mary, my Mother, the time for the Consecration is at hand : pray for me, and obtain for me a spirit of loving reverence.

St. Joseph and St. John the Baptist, pray for me.

St. Peter and St. John the Evangelist, pray for me.

St. Paul and St. Andrew, pray for me.

All ye Holy Apostles of the Lamb, pray for me.

St. Agnes, St. Catherine, St. Cecilia, St. Agatha, and St. Lucy, Virgin-Martyrs, pray for me.

St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard, pray for me.

St. Juliana of Falconieri and St. Teresa, pray for me.

All ye Holy Angels, pray for me.

My Angel-Guardian, pray for me.

At the Consecration.

We worship with our faces toward the

earth, for Thou, Divine Saviour, God and Man, art Coming. As Thou hast chosen us from the furnace of poverty, make us rich with Thy grace. Prepare us for Thy Coming.

I adore Thee, Jesus, my Judge, and I love Thee with all my heart. I adore Thee, Divine Master, in the Blessed Sacrament. I adore Thee in this Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Now, in Thy Godhead and Thy Manhood, Thou art on this Altar, where Thou wast not before. No longer doth Thy Priest hold bread in his hands. Thou art here, true God and true Man, hidden beneath the Accidents of the Sacred Host.

I adore Thee, my Jesus, under the appearance of wine. Now Thou art in the Chalice, where Thou wast not before. Now Thy Priest lifteth not wine, for the substance of the wine is gone. Thou Thyself, dearest Lord, art now hidden here, though Thy Priest lifteth not Thee in the lifting of the Sacred Accidents, for beneath those Accidents Thou art immoveable on Thy

Throne. Holy Saviour, King and Judge, prepare me to receive Thee. Prepare me for Thy Coming. My Jesus, I love Thee and adore Thee.

Jesus, Eternal King, with all my heart and soul and strength, I adore Thee in this Holy Sacrifice: and I thank Thee for the true Faith which Thou in Thy love hast revealed to me. Blessed be God.

[Here make a Memento for the Dead, especially for those for whom you desire to pray.]

At the Nobis quoque.

Thou, the Immaculate Lamb of God, art now on the Altar; and I am only worthy to be amongst the dogs that gather up the crumbs which fall from my Master's Table. But Thou, dear Lord, as I know well by a thousand experiences, art very compassionate. If Thou wert not so, I should lose heart and despair. But because Thou art so, I take courage not only to come to Thee, but even to desire to receive Thee into my soul. I am sinful, but Thou art

sinless ; Thou art the sinless Lamb of God
Who takest away all the sins of the world ;
Who takest away my sins, by Thy Life and
Death. Give me grace to make myself
ready to draw near to Thee.

At the Pater noster.

Dear Lord, as Thou didst come to do the
will of Thy Father, so give me grace to do
Thy will and to follow Thee. As a body
was prepared for Thee, so prepare my heart
for Thy Coming, that I may receive Thee
with purity, humility, reverence, love, and
fear.

Lifting my heart up to Thee, I draw
near to the throne of grace in Thine Own
most blessed words : Our Father, &c.

At the Agnus Dei.

Lamb of God, most merciful, most graci-
ous ; Lamb of God, most pure, most just ;
Lamb of God, most pitiful, most loving ;
let me kneel before Thee and kiss Thy

dear pierced Feet. Thou art so loving and so gracious, that I am not afraid to come to Thee in the brightness of Thy glory. Thou art so loving and so gracious, that I am not afraid to come to Thee, though I am very weak and sinful. But without Thy help I cannot love Thee as I desire. I wish to love Thee more, and then I love Thee less. I wish to make Thee more and more to my soul, and then the world comes in upon me and darkens me, so that I can scarcely see Thee. But Thou, dearest Lord, dost take away my sins by Thy Precious Blood. Thou art the Lamb of God, Who once wast crucified for me : keep me by Thy Cross, and sign me on the forehead with Thy saving Blood, that the destroying Angel may not be able to harm me. Thou art now coming to me, merciful Saviour : and Thou alone canst prepare me for Thyself.

At the Communion.

Now, Incarnate Word, Thou givest Thy-

self to Thy people, who seek Thee. Here, indeed, is that mystical Cellar of wine, of which the Spouse tells us in the Canticles. Thou, dearest Jesus, God and Man, art Charity, Uncreated and Created, and here Thou givest us Thyself. To Thee we come in our hunger, that we may sit down with Thee at Thy plenteous Table in the wilderness. Thou bringest forth to us things new and old, giving us the Corn and Wine of Heaven. For Thou art the Uncreated Love, ever ancient and ever new: and here Thou givest us Thyself, hidden beneath the Sacred Accidents. Thou art the Food of our souls, the Bread of Heaven, the living Bread that came down from God. Jesus, Incarnate Saviour, I love Thee and I adore Thee.

At the Collects.

Let me recollect myself, and keep myself prostrate in spirit before the eternal Throne; for this is the House of God, this is the very gate of Heaven.

Praise and blessing and glory and honour and love be to Jesus, Who redeemed me by His Precious Blood.

Praise and blessing and honour be to Jesus, Who loved me as He hung in Agony on His Cross.

Praise and blessing and honour and glory and love be to Jesus, Who has given Himself to me in sweet and holy Communion.

Mary, thank Jesus for me.

St. Joseph and St. John the Baptist, thank Jesus for me.

St. Peter and St. Paul, thank Jesus for me.

St. John, beloved Disciple, thank Jesus for me.

Ye holy Virgin-Martyrs, thank Jesus for me.

All ye holy and beautiful Angels, thank Jesus for me.

My Angel-Guardian, thank Jesus for me.

At the last Gospel.

O, wonderful mystery : the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us.

O, wonderful mystery : the Word made Flesh dwells with us always in the Tabernacle.

O, wonderful and loving mystery : the Word made Flesh is offered to God, by the one unceasing Oblation, in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

O, wonderful and gracious mystery : the Word made Flesh is ceaselessly in the Holy Mass, a true Sacrifice for the living and the dead.

O, wonderful mystery of love : the Word made Flesh gives Himself to us in Holy Communion.

Dearest Jesus, by all Thy love and sorrow, we beseech Thee to hear us and accept our prayers, and keep us in Thy love.

Thou hast come to us, Incarnate Word : may we one day come to Thee, and never leave Thee, but be with Thee for ever in Thy Kingdom.



II.

A MASS OF THANKSGIVING, IN HONOUR OF THE RISEN LIFE OF OUR LORD.

At the Asperges.

“REJOICE and give praise together, O ye deserts of Jerusalem : for the Lord hath comforted His people ; He hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath prepared His holy Arm in the sight of all the Gentiles : and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.”

Eternal King, Thou openest Thy Hand and fillest all things living with Thy plentiful gifts. Now Thou hast given me Thyself, and a greater gift than this Thou canst not give. My Jesus, I offer Thee my thanks and my love.

Mary, my Mother, thank Jesus for me.
All ye Holy Angels, thank Jesus for me.

At the Judica.

“Arise and be enlightened, O Jerusalem:
for thy light is come, and the glory of the
Lord is risen upon thee.”

Dear Lord, Thou hast prepared for us a
Table in the wilderness, and Thou hast
given us the Corn and Wine of Heaven.
“They that gather it shall eat it and shall
praise the Lord: and they that bring it to-
gether shall drink it in My holy Courts.”
In judgment Thou rememberest mercy;
and in Thy great knowledge and Thy
great love Thou givest us all that is need-
ful for us. Divine Master, give us more
perfect confidence in Thy love and care.
We are Thy creatures; help us to love
Thee as we ought. Help us also to thank
Thee as we ought for the Heavenly gift
which Thou hast given to us.

St. Joseph, thank Jesus for me.

Ye Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones,
thank Jesus for me.

At the Confiteor.

Dear Lord, Thou dost turn the voice of mourning into the voice of praise : and Thou dost give us white raiment instead of sackcloth. We kneel before Thee in grief and heaviness, and Thou dost lift us up into Thine Own light and joy. We speak to Thee words of sorrow in the desolation of our hearts, and Thou changest them into words of thanksgiving. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God." I will always think of Thee, my Saviour, whilst I dwell in this world of sin and sorrow ; and I will always try to see Thy Divine Face shining on me through the darkness. Nothing shall ever shake my confidence in Thee ; and ever in all Thy chastisements I will acknowledge Thy Hand. Now I see and acknowledge Thy Hand in this great gift of Thy love. My Jesus, I thank Thee.

St. John the Baptist, thank Jesus for me.

Ye Powers, Virtues, and Dominations, thank Jesus for me.

At the Introit.

Eternal King, the Angels of God adored Thee when Thou didst come into the world. Bethlehem was lighted with the glory of Thy Divine Presence, as Mary and Joseph and the Angels worshipped Thee in Thy Crib. Again the Angels of God adored Thee, when Thou didst come back from the grave in the dark silent night. Then Thou didst meet Mary in the brightness of Thy Resurrection. Her head lay on Thy Heart, and Thy Divine Arms encircled her. We thank Thee for the great love with which Thou didst love Mary in the moment of Thine appearing. Again and again, tens of thousands of times, Thou hast come, in the Blessed Sacrament, from Thy Tabernacle. Thy Holy

Angels have adored Thee and loved Thee in each time of Thy coming. This very day Thou hast come from Thy Tabernacle to me. In my unworthiness I have ventured to draw near to Thee. I have knelt before Thy Throne; I have been prostrate in spirit at Thy Feet; I have looked up in Thy Face; I have desired to lie upon Thy Heart; I have received Thee into my soul. In all the beauty of Thy Risen and Glorified Life, Thou hast given Thyself to me. Thy Holy Angels were round Thee in Thy coming, adoring Thee, praising Thee, loving Thee. Dear Jesus, I desire to adore Thee, and love Thee, and praise Thee with them.

All ye Holy Angels, thank Jesus for me.

At the Kyrie.

Jesus, by Thy great love for sinners, have mercy upon me. Jesus, by the great Agony Thou didst endure for sinners, have mercy upon me. Jesus, by the darkness of

Thy Dereliction, have mercy upon me. I thank Thee, because Thou didst deliver Thyself for me on Thy Cross. I thank Thee for Thy great conflict with the powers of darkness. I thank Thee for the glory of Thy Resurrection. I thank Thee for coming to me this day, most loving Saviour, in the holy Sacrament of the Altar.

St. Mary Magdalen, thank Jesus for me.

At the Gloria.

Dear Lord, the Saints with their crowns of gold are before Thy Throne. And the white-robed Angels are ever lifting to Thee their songs of praise. They look upon Thee and see Thy Face. They need no light but the light of Thy Godhead, and no love but the Love that filleth all in all. Around them burns the glory of the unchanging Day, as they stand with harps and palms on the Crystal Sea. Ever gazing on Thee, they see Thy beauty, and seeing Thee, love Thee ; and loving Thee, rejoice in Thy Presence. We seem even here to catch

faint echoes of their ceaseless Hymns of praise, and to listen to the New Song which is sung before Thy Throne. Thou, dear Lord, upon Whom they gaze, art that Word Incarnate, Whom I receive in Holy Communion. Though Thou didst not leave Thy Throne at the right Hand of Thy Father, yet in the Blessed Sacrament Thou didst come to me. I have received Thee whole and indivisible ; for in the perfection of Thy Sacred Humanity, Thou art hidden in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. I have received Thee, Body and Soul and Divinity, and was not blinded by Thy glory. I have been with Thee midst the everlasting burnings, and was not consumed. I have spoken with Thee almost face to face, and yet I live. Glory and honour and thanksgiving be to Thee, my Saviour and my King.

Ye hundred and forty and four thousand who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, thank Him for me.

At the Collects.

Dear Lord, fill our hearts with thankfulness, that we may always give praise to Thee. Thou dost give to us countless blessings, and yet we forget Thee : give us grace to see Thee always in Thy gifts. Give us grace also to love Thee more than Thy gifts, and to seek Thee for Thyself.

St. Teresa and St. Gertrude, thank Jesus for me.

At the Epistle.

I thank Thee, dearest Lord, for all the holy writings of Thine Apostles : for their words of wisdom and their thoughts of fire. By them Thou dost teach us how to conform ourselves to Thy likeness, and how to nourish the good seed which Thou sowest in our hearts. Let faith, hope, and charity reign in our souls. Make the fruits of the Holy Ghost more and more perfect in us every day. When we listen to Thee and obey Thee, we are safe : but when we

disregard Thy voice, we hasten on the downward road. As I have received Thee, so let me remember Thee, and follow Thee.

St. Peter and St. Paul, thank Jesus for me.

At the Munda cor meum.

We know our own darkness, King and Saviour; and we beseech Thee to cleanse our souls from the dross of earth, that they may rise without hindrance to Thee. Make our souls purer every day, and make them more thankful. "Blessed are the clean in heart, for they shall see God."

St. Philip Neri, thank Jesus for me.

Blessed Mary of Oignies, thank Jesus for me.

At the Gospel.

I thank Thee, dear Lord, for Thy holy Gospel; but I thank Thee still more for Thyself. Thou dost speak to me by Thy Sacred Books; and I listen with reverence

and joy. No other Books can be like these. In the Sacred Scriptures I find Thine Own Divine words, words of blessing and healing and power, words of love and inexhaustible compassion. And Thou, Divine Saviour, didst speak as no man ever yet spake or shall speak. There also are the words of Thy Virgin - Mother. There are the words of Thine Apostles and Prophets, and of those who through long years have witnessed for Thee. The Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, Who proceedeth from the Father and from Thee, speaks to us in their words. But Thou Thyself dwellest with us in the Blessed Sacrament. There Thy words are not written, but Thou the Incarnate Word art hidden. Thanking Thee therefore with all my heart for Thy written Word, I thank Thee far more for Thy Divine Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. And now especially I thank Thee for giving Thyself to me in Holy Communion. Make me worthy of so great a gift.

Ye holy Apostles of the Lamb, thank Jesus for me.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost ; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

At the Credo.

I thank Thee, dear Jesus, for the Faith which Thou hast revealed. Thy Holy Spirit dwells in the Church and guides us infallibly into all truth. Thy Vicar reigneth in the Holy City, and giveth the law to all nations. Bright and pure and strong is the light of Thy Holy Church.

I thank Thee also for all those things that are written in Thy Book. Give me a great love and veneration for the Sacred Scriptures, for they testify of Thee. In those Scriptures Thy Saints have greatly rejoiced, setting them as frontlets on their foreheads, and making them as lanterns in their paths. Sweet and persuasive and

gracious are the words of Thy Holy Scriptures.

I thank Thee also for Thine abiding Presence in the Church. Thou art always in Thy Tabernacle, and the light of Thy beauty is poured forth over the world, though we see it not. Angels and Saints adore Thee on Thine Altar-Throne. Thou art lifted up on high in the midst of them; and art the light and joy and love of the Heavenly City. I thank Thee specially now for giving Thyself to me in the Blessed Sacrament. How beautiful, Divine Master, are Thy Feet upon the mountains! We dwell in the midst of Sion, and by faith we behold our King.

Ye holy Angels, thank Jesus for me.

Ye beautiful Virgin-Martyrs, thank Jesus for me.

St. Charles Borromeo and St. Teresa, thank Jesus for me.

At the Offertory.

I thank Thee, Eternal Father, because

Thou art uncreated. I thank Thee, Eternal Son, because, being uncreated, Thou proceedest from the Father by the way of wisdom. I thank Thee, Eternal Spirit, because, being uncreated and eternal as the Father and the Son, Thou proceedest from Them by the way of love. I thank Thee, Ever-Blessed Trinity, for Thy great glory; I thank Thee for my life; for all Thy gifts, and for all Thy promises. I thank Thee now especially for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

St. Ignatius of Loyola, thank Jesus for me.

St. Gertrude, thank Jesus for me.

At the Lavabo.

I thank Thee, Blessed Lord, for having brought me to Thy Altar. Thy House is the House of Saints; and yet even I, who am unworthy of the least of Thy mercies, have been permitted to enter it. Thine Altar is the Table on which a Heavenly

Banquet is spread for those who have not wandered from Thee ; and yet Thou didst not turn me away. Nay rather most lovingly Thou didst draw me to Thyself, with the strong persuasiveness of Thy charity. From the wilderness Thou didst bring me into a land of plenty : from the barren and dry sands to rivers of milk and honey : from a place of darkness into the Tabernacles of light.

St. John the Evangelist, thank Jesus for me.

My Angel-Guardian, thank Jesus for me.

At the Secret Prayers.

We bless and praise Thee, O Lord, for the glory of Thy great Name ; and we desire to magnify that Name in the world. Secret and hidden are Thy counsels, and past finding out are Thy ways : but they are always holy and good and true. We thank Thee for all that Thou givest in Thy love, and we thank Thee also for all

that Thou dost not give. Thou seest what is best for us, and that Thou givest.

St. Francis of Assisi, thank Jesus for me.

St. Bernard, thank Jesus for me.

At the Preface.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thine Own Name give the praise, for the sake of Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth. At all times and in all places we desire to give thanks to Thee ; for all Thy mercies and all Thy blessings we praise and magnify Thy Name. We thank Thee for all that Thou hast done in Creation ; for all that Thou hast done more wonderfully still in Redemption ; for the great glory in the Heavenly City, which Thou hast promised to those who persevere to the end. Now with all our hearts and souls we thank Thee for the living Bread, the Bread of Angels, the Bread of Heaven ; for that Sacred Humanity of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, which is the light and food of our souls.

St. Peter and St. Paul, thank Jesus for me.

Ye holy Virgin-Martyrs, thank Jesus for me.

At the Canon.

“The Lord will give thee rest continually, and will fill thy soul with brightness.”

“Arise, arise, put on thy strength, O Sion ; put on the garments of thy glory, O Jerusalem, the City of the Holy One.”

“The Lord will comfort Sion, and will build up all the ruins thereof : and He will make her desert as a place of pleasure, and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of praise.”

“Give praise, O ye heavens, and rejoice, O earth ; ye mountains, give praise ; because the Lord hath comforted His people, and will have mercy on His poor ones.”

“They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor the sun strike them ; for He that is merciful to them

shall be their Shepherd, and at the fountains of waters He shall give them drink."

Dear Lord, Thou hast given me every blessing in giving me Thyself.

St. Stephen and St. Laurence, thank Jesus for me.

St. Bernardine of Sienna, thank Jesus for me.

The Commemoration of the Living.

We thank Thee, dear Jesus, for all Thy great love and for all Thy blessings. We thank Thee for Thy most blessed words: "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." We have many and great needs, dearest Lord, as Thou knowest. None can know our sorrows as Thou dost know them. To none can we come with such confidence as we come to Thee.

[Here pray for any spiritual or temporal blessings of which you may be in need. Pray also for the necessities of others, as they may be known to you, or as you may have been asked to pray.]

At the Hanc igitur.

“Send forth, O Lord, the Lamb, the Ruler of the earth, from Petra of the desert to the mount of the daughter of Sion.”

“He shall build a temple to the Lord ; and He shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon His throne ; and He shall be a Priest upon His Throne.”

“He shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord, in the height of the Name of the Lord His God.”

“The Lord will reign over them in Mount Sion, from this time, now and for ever.”

“Feed Thy people with Thy rod, the flock of Thy inheritance, them that dwell alone in the forest in the midst of Carmel. They shall feed in Basan and Galaad, according to the days of old.”

Ye Prophets of God, thank Jesus for me.

At the Consecration.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Again, Thou Word Incarnate, Thou hast come from the South. Thy glory covers the heavens, and the earth is full of Thy praise. Thy brightness is as the light. Thy strength is hidden in Thy pierced Hands. The nations melt away before Thee ; the ancient mountains are broken ; the great hills of the world are bowed beneath Thy Feet, in the journey of Thine eternity. Thou hast come down upon Thine Altar, mighty and merciful Saviour, and now Thou art hidden beneath the appearances of Bread and Wine. Thou art the great Warrior, the Captain of our salvation, ever fighting for Israel. Thy chariots are salvation. Thou dividest the rivers ; the mountains see Thee ; the great waters pass by. In the Blessed Sacrament Thou

art present amongst those tribes of the spiritual Israel to which Thou hast spoken. Here, in the Holy Mass, Thou art offered to God, a true Sacrifice for the living and the dead. We lift up to Thee our voice of praise and thanksgiving. The great deep of our love utters its voice, and the great deep of our thankfulness lifts up its hands to Thee. Thou, Eternal Lord, art on Thine Altar in Thy Holy Temple, and we keep silence before Thee. Thou art the great Warrior in Whom we trust, as we see by faith the light of Thine Arrows and the brightness of Thy glittering Spear. My Jesus, I adore Thee and I thank Thee.

The Commemoration of the Dead.

We thank Thee, dearest Lord, for all Thy Saints, who now stand before Thy Throne. We thank Thee also for all the Holy Souls in Purgatory, whose warfare is over, and whose salvation is certain. Give rest, dear Lord, to those Souls. Especially I now pray for

At the Nobis quoque.

Thou hast gone, my Saviour, to prepare a place for us, that where Thou art, there we may be also. We give Thee thanks for the promise Thou hast given us. I thank Thee for coming to me this day in the most Holy Sacrament. I thank Thee for descending again on Thy Altar in this Holy Sacrifice. Though we are so sinful, yet we trust in Thy mercy. Even to such sinners as we are Thou canst grant a place amongst those blest and holy Ones, who see Thee face to face, and reign with Thee in Thy Kingdom. As we have been forgiven much, give us grace to love much; and bring us one day, from the midst of our sins and sinfulness, into the company of Thy Saints; for Thou, dear Lord, dost not weigh our merits, but pardonest our offences through the greatness of thy charity.

At the Pater noster.

Eternal Father, we are Thy children; for

Thou hast made us out of nothing. Thy Fatherly love is ever round us, and it is to us a great joy that in all things we are utterly dependent upon Thee. All the good that we have is Thine ; and as all that we have of ourselves is bad, so all that we have of Thee is good. I thank Thee, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, because of Thee all Thy creatures in heaven and on earth are named. Thou art the Fountain of all love, joy, peace, holiness, and blessedness ; and as we have come forth from Thee, so to Thee we desire to return. Eternal Father, in Thy love and in Thy pity, help us.

At the Agnus Dei.

“Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him Who taketh away the sin of the world.” Jesus “saith to him : Amen, amen, I say to you, you shall see the Heaven opened, and the Angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of man.”

I thank Thee, my Divine Saviour, for

reversing the doom that fell upon us in Adam ; for as sin hath abounded, grace hath abounded much more. As all have died in Adam, so in Thee all are made alive.

I thank Thee, dearest Lord, for plucking me away as a brand saved from the fire. I have again and again been on the brink of the destroying river with its burning waves, and Thy Divine Hand has saved me from falling into that dark stream and losing myself for ever. Glory be to Thee, my Saviour. Once more I thank Thee for coming to me in Holy Communion. Now Thou art dwelling in my heart ; my Jesus, I adore Thee and love Thee, as Thou dwellest within myself. I tremble at the thought of Thy glory, when I remember that Thou art the Guest of my soul. But though I tremble because of Thy glory, I rejoice because of Thy love.

At the Communion.

“The Lord God is my strength ; and

He will make my feet like the feet of harts ;
and He the Conqueror will lead me upon
my high places singing psalms."

"The people that were left and escaped
from the sword found grace in the desert ;
Israel shall go to his rest. The Lord hath
appeared from far to me. Yea, I have loved
thee with an everlasting love, therefore
have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee."

"Who are these that fly as clouds, and
as doves to their windows?"

"Thou shalt no more have the sun for
thy light by day, neither shall the bright-
ness of the moon enlighten thee ; but the
Lord shall be unto thee for an everlasting
light, and thy God for thy glory. Thy
sun shall go down no more, and thy moon
shall not decrease ; for the Lord shall be
unto thee for an everlasting light, and the
days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost ; as it was in the
beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world
without end. Amen.

St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, ye holy Evangelists, thank Jesus for me.

At the Collects.

Poor and cold and imperfect, dear Lord, have been my thanksgivings. With a great love I ought to love Thee, and with a great thankfulness I ought to lift up my heart to Thee; but my sins weigh me down, and the darkness covers me. Nevertheless, because Thou art so merciful, I come with all confidence to Thee, and I know that Thou wilt receive me. I wish to thank Thee, and I cannot; do Thou, dearest Jesus, suffer me to speak with Thy Lips, and to thank Thee with the thankfulness of Thine Own Heart.

St. Ambrose and St. Cyprian, thank Jesus for me.

St. Edward and St. Cuthbert, thank Jesus for me.

St. Bruno and St. Benedict, thank Jesus for me.

St. Dominic and Blessed Paul of the Cross, thank Jesus for me.

St. Bernard and St. Ignatius, thank Jesus for me.

St. Alphonso and St. Bonaventure, thank Jesus for me.

St. Philip Neri and St. Francis of Assisi, thank Jesus for me.

St. Charles Borromeo, thank Jesus for me.

At the Last Gospel.

“Be comforted, be comforted, my people, saith your God. Speak ye to the heart of Jerusalem, and call to her; for her evil is come to an end; her iniquity is forgiven.”
 “Get thee up on a high mountain, thou that bringest good tidings to Sion; lift up thy voice with strength thou that bringest good tidings to Jerusalem; lift it up, fear not. Say to the cities of Juda, Behold your God.” “It is He that giveth strength to the weary, and increaseth force and might to them that are not. Youths

shall faint and labour, and young men shall fall by infirmity. But they that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall take wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and formed thee, O Israel; Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name; thou art Mine. When thou shalt pass through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers shall not cover thee; when thou shalt walk through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, and the flames shall not hurt thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My Name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is Sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name a clean Oblation; for My Name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts."



III.

A MASS OF PURIFICATION, IN HONOUR OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

At the Asperges.

"I WILL arise and go to my Father, and will say to Him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

I have tried, O loving Saviour, to stay my hunger with the husks that are only fit for swine: I have been hungry and thirsty in the midst of a mighty famine; I have been homeless, helpless, almost hopeless, and no man took pity on my need.

But thanks to Thee, dearest Jesus, there is a fountain open to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for

the washing of the sinner. Thou by Thy Precious Blood dost wash away all my sins. I cannot fear or doubt when I listen to Thy gracious words: "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow; and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool." I am lost in the darkness of my sin, but I will not delay one moment: "I will arise and will go to my Father."

At the Judica.

Blessing and praise and honour be to Jesus Christ, the faithful Witness, and the First-begotten of the dead, the Prince of the kings of the earth, Who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His Own Blood.

Thy Precious Blood, dear Lord, flowing from Thee, the Smitten Rock, goeth forth into the whole world, like the four Rivers of Paradise. Sprinkle me, dearest Saviour, with Thy Precious Blood, full of healing and cleansing and strengthening power.

It is Thy Blood alone that can save me
in the terrible Judgment.

At the Confiteor.

Dear Lord, I acknowledge my vileness
and my darkness, and I stand trembling
before Thee, Who art of purer eyes than
to behold iniquity. I am wretched and
miserable and poor and blind and naked.
I cannot lift up mine eyes to Thee, because
Thou art so beautiful in Thy goodness, and
I am so deformed in my sin. In Thy great
love Thou didst bring me out of the dark-
ness of original sin, and yet again and again
I have fallen away from Thee ; from Thy
light, dear Lord, and from Thy love. Some-
times I have so turned to the creature as
to turn away altogether from Thee, and
thus by mortal sin I have brought an agony
of darkness on my soul. Sometimes, not
altogether turning away from Thee, I have
yet so turned to the creature as to displease
Thee ; and thus I have grieved Thee and
dishonoured Thy love. Then again, by

carelessness, wilfulness, negligence, laziness, I have tarried in the way which Thou hast set before me, and have not gone forward according to Thy will. Bowed down to the earth with shame, I acknowledge my sins before Thee. Save me, King and Judge, in Thy great goodness.

At the Introit.

Thy Precious Blood, Thou Lamb slain, touches my darkened soul and cleanses it. As by one rough word Thou destroyest the impenitent for ever, so by one gentle word Thou speakest peace to my soul. At Thy word the tempest ceases, the winds and waves are hushed, and there is a great calm. Bright and sweet and transforming is the stream of Thy Precious Blood. Like a majestic river, pure and fruitful, it traverses the world of souls. As soon as ever Thou didst come into the world Thy Blood was shed.

Dear Jesus, by the mystery of Thy Holy Circumcision, deliver us.

At the Kyrie.

“Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of Thy tender compassions, blot out my transgressions. Wash me yet more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know my iniquity, and my sin is always before me. Against Thee only have I sinned, and have done evil before Thee.”

“Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed ; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.”

“Save me, O God, in Thy Name, and judge me in Thy strength. O God, hear my prayer ; give ear to the words of my mouth.”

“Hear, O God, my prayer, and despise not my supplication ; be attentive to me and hear me.”

“Turn away Thy Face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create a clean heart in me, O God, and renew a

right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy Face ; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation ; and strengthen me with a perfect spirit."

O merciful Saviour, from the depths of my sinfulness, I lift up my voice to Thee.

At the Gloria.

"I saw, and behold in the midst of the Throne, and of the four Living Creatures, and in the midst of the Ancients, a Lamb standing as it were slain."

"The four Living Creatures and the four and twenty Ancients fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of Saints. And they sung a New Canticle, saying: Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the Book and to open the seals thereof ; because Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God in Thy Blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people

and nation ; and hast made us to our God a Kingdom and a Priesthood, and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld ; and I heard the voice of many Angels round about the Throne and the Living Creatures and the Ancients ; and the number of them was thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice : The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and benediction. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, I heard saying : To Him that sitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb, benediction and honour and glory and power for ever and ever. And the four Living Creatures said, Amen. And the four and twenty Ancients fell down on their faces, and adored Him that liveth for ever and ever."

At the Collects.

We beseech Thee, O Lord, help Thy ser-

vants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. Be not angry with us for ever, and forsake us not utterly ; lest our lives should be as darkness before Thee ; lest we should become like those who go down to the pit. O loving Saviour, remember the inheritance which Thou hast redeemed of old ; think of the price Thou didst pay for the captives ; the great cost at which Thou didst purchase our freedom.

By Thy Precious Blood, dear Lord, ever flowing in the Blessed Sacrament, we beseech Thee to help us.

By Thy Precious Blood, shed mystically in this Holy Sacrifice, we beseech Thee to help us.

At the Epistle.

Thy Precious Blood, dearest Saviour, is Divine : for Thy Sacred Humanity is personally united to Thy Godhead. We give to Thy Blood the same worship that we give to God. I love and reverence and

adore Thy Precious Blood. I adore it in this holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Wherever Thou art, Thy Blood is flowing through the veins of Thy Sacred Human Body, for a spirit has not flesh and bones as Thou hast and ever shalt have. I am waiting to welcome Thee, Jesus, Son of God, on Thine Altar, when the words of consecration shall be said. The brightness of Thy Precious Blood gleams upon me, and its joy overflows me; its strength uplifts me, and its pureness saves me; by it I rejoice with the hope of salvation, and by it the remnant of Israel shall be saved. "Arise, let us go up to Sion, to the Lord our God."

I call to mind, my Jesus, with love and compassion, Thine Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani, when Thy Sweat was like great drops of blood falling to the ground. Beneath the pale light of the Paschal moon and beneath the heavy branches of the Olive trees, I see Thee bowed down in Thine Agony to the ground. With anguish I remember that there Thou wast suffering

for me. Jesus, dear Jesus, loving and suffering Jesus, save us, by Thy terrible Agony in the Garden.

At the Munda cor meum.

Nitre and borith cannot cleanse me; and the blood of calves and of goats cannot take away my sin. But the Blood of Jesus, the Lamb without spot or blemish, washes out my darkest sins, and makes me pure and white. My Jesus, I remember gratefully that there cannot possibly in this life be any sin beyond the power of Thy Precious Blood. Dear Lord, make me pure in heart. If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. Say unto me: I will, be thou clean.

At the Gospel.

From the rising to the setting of the sun are heard the voices of preachers proclaiming the power of the Blood of Jesus, and remission of sins to all nations who dwell on the earth. He, Who came to

suffer and die, has blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, which was contrary to us, and has taken it out of the way, fastening it to His Cross. Despoiling principalities and powers, He has led them in captivity, triumphing openly over them in Himself. By Him the Father hath reconciled all things to Himself, making peace through the Blood of His Cross, both as to the things on earth and the things that are in Heaven. Once we were alienated from Him, and were enemies in mind, in evil works: but now, through His Death in the Body of His Flesh, He has reconciled us to God, that He may present us holy and unspotted and blameless before Him. He has delivered us from the power of darkness, and has translated us into His Own Kingdom; for in Him we have redemption through His Blood, the remission of sin, according to the fulness of His grace.

Jesus, loving Jesus, wash me from my sins in Thy Precious Blood.

At the Credo.

We, who were sometime afar off, are now made nigh by the Blood of Christ; for He is our peace. On the Cross, by His Blood, He destroyed sin, and brought us back to God. In His Coming, He preached peace to all that were far off and to all that were nigh; for by Him we have access by one Spirit to the Father. In Him we belong to the Household of God, and are fellow-citizens with the Saints: we are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, He Himself being for ever the chief Cornerstone. In Him the building, being framed together, groweth up into a holy Temple in the Lord; in Him we are built together into a habitation of God in the Spirit; in Him we keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one Body and one Spirit, as we are called in one hope of our calling; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism; one God and Father of all,

Who is above all, and through all, and in us all. He hath given some Prophets, some Apostles, some Evangelists, some Pastors and Doctors ; for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for building up the Body of Christ. By the guidance of His Holy Church, He keeps us from being tossed to and fro as children, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men and by the cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive. Afterwards they, who persevere to the end, meet in the unity of the Faith and the knowledge of the Son of God.

At the Offertory.

My loving Saviour, Thou didst offer Thyself for me with Blood on the Altar of Thy Cross ; and I am ashamed to know how ungrateful and unloving I am. By the shedding of Thy Precious Blood Thou didst obtain for us remission of our sins.

Dearest Lord, give us grateful and loving hearts.

I call to mind Thy terrible suffering when Thou wast bound to the Pillar, and Thy Divine Body was torn to pieces with the thongs of the scourges. Surely Thou hast borne our iniquities and carried our sorrows: the chastisement of our peace was on Thee, and by Thy bruises we are healed. Jesus, I love and adore the Blood that poured from Thee in Thy scourging.

At the Lavabo.

Wash me from all my sins, dear Lord, and make me clean, by Thy most Precious Blood. Cleanse my heart and my soul, that I may worthily offer spiritual sacrifices to Thee. I know how vile and dark and hideous I am; but Thou canst make me beautiful in Thy sight. Thy Precious Blood is bright and pure and life-giving; sprinkle me with it, dear Lord, that my sins may be taken away. Let not my soul

be destroyed with the sinners, but hear me, and have mercy upon me. As Thou hast redeemed me by Thy Precious Blood, so by that same Blood bring me to Thy Heavenly Kingdom.

At the Secret Prayers.

Eternal King, to Thee only is known the secret hidden number of Thy Elect, whom Thou hast redeemed out of the world. And Thou knowest also all those who are first-fruits to God and to Thee. Thou knowest each soul that will be numbered amongst those who follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest ; look upon us in Thy love and pity, and help us and save us ; for we desire greatly to come to Thee.

At the Preface.

Incarnate Word, Thou hast lifted us up out of the pit where there is no water, and therefore we lift up our hearts to Thee. From bondage and confusion Thou hast

brought us into the freedom of Thy Gospel, the Heavenly order of Thy Church. Thou hast destroyed Leviathan the crooked serpent with Thy strong Hand and Thine outstretched Arm ; and Thou hast made a way through the waters of the great deep, that Thy ransomed may pass over. Thou hast wrought a great deliverance for Thy people, and through the Red Sea of Thy Precious Blood Thou hast saved them from the destroyers.

I love Thee, my Jesus, wearing Thy Crown of thorns. Thou art most royal and most beautiful with that piercing Crown, to which no splendour of this world's diadems can be compared. I love and adore the Blood trickling in many streams down Thy Divine Cheeks.

At the Canon.

Soon, dearest Lord, Thou wilt come again to Thy Altar, and again Thou wilt be hidden beneath the Sacred Accidents.

Great is Thy power, and nothing is impossible to Thee. "Who is like to Thee among the strong, O Lord? Who is like to Thee, glorious in holiness, terrible, and greatly to be praised, and doing wonders?" What greater wonder is there than this mystery of Thy Divine Presence on the Altar? "The Lord is my strength and my praise, and He is become salvation to me: He is my God, and I will glorify Him; the God of my fathers, and I will exalt Him." "Thy right Hand, O Lord, hath slain the enemy." "Let fear and dread fall upon them in the greatness of Thine Arm; let them become immoveable as a stone until Thy people, O Lord, pass by; until this Thy people pass by, which Thou hast possessed. Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thy inheritance, in Thy most firm habitation which Thou hast made, O Lord; Thy sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established." "Let us sing to the Lord, for He is gloriously magnified; the horse

and his rider He hath thrown into the sea."

[Here make a Memento for the living, and for your special intentions.]

At the Hanc igitur.

Eternal Father, we offer to Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus, an Oblation acceptable to Thee. By that Blood we are saved from the darkness where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched; from that place whence the smoke of torment goes up for ever before the Lamb and the Holy Angels. Merciful Creator, accept us for the sake of Thy Son, and make us to be numbered with Thy Saints in the glory of Thy Kingdom.

Dear Lord, I adore the Precious Blood that flowed down from Thy Divine Body on the dusty road, as Thou didst carry Thy Cross through the streets of Jerusalem. I adore Thee and love Thee in Thy disfigurement. With all my strength I

love Thee, my Jesus, stricken and afflicted
and covered with blood.

At the Consecration.

Hail, most Precious Blood of my Saviour, flowing through His Divine veins in the Blessed Sacrament! Hail, River of the water of life, clear as crystal, ever flowing from the Sacred Heart of the Lamb! Hail, cleansing life-giving Stream!

Dear Lord, by the words of Consecration Thy Sacred Body is hidden under the form of Bread; but, where thy Body is, there also is Thy Precious Blood: for being raised from the dead Thou canst die no more, and death can no more have any power over Thee.

Again, by the words of Consecration, Thy Precious Blood is hidden under the form of Wine; but, where Thy Blood is, there also is Thy Sacred Body: for Thou art one Christ, and canst not be divided.

And, where Thy Body is, there is Thy Sacred Human Soul; and, where Thy Soul

is, there is Thy Godhead. As Thou art on Thy Throne in Heaven at the right Hand of the Father, so Thou art here in the Blessed Sacrament; for Thou art not two, but One. With all Thy Holy Angels and all Thy Saints I adore and bless and magnify Thee, Who hast again descended on Thine Altar, Whose love is changeless and infinite, Whose delight is to be with the children of men. Most merciful, most mighty, Jesus, I adore Thee here present in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra; this Beautiful One in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength?” “Why is Thine apparel red, and Thy garments like theirs who tread in the winepress?”

At the Commemoration of the Dead.

Thy Precious Blood, Divine Saviour, flows down from the Altar to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. From beneath the Altar they cry out to Thee, and Thou

always hearest, always answerest their prayers. Thou givest a white robe to every one of them, some measure of Thy refreshing and sustaining grace ; and Thou tellest them to rest for a little while, till the number of Thine Elect be fulfilled. I pray for these Holy Souls ; and especially for

At the Nobis quoque.

If we sinners are able to look up to Thee, Heavenly Father, it is because of the Precious Blood of Thy Son. If we have any hope of coming to the glory that has to be revealed, it is through Him. Of ourselves we can do nothing that will bring us to eternal life. But we are the brethren of Thy Son, and in Him we trust. Because we Thy children are partakers of flesh and blood, therefore He also Himself in like manner hath been partaker of the same, that through death He might destroy him who had the empire of death, that is to say, the devil ; and might deliver

them who through the fear of death were all their lifetime subject to servitude.

Dear Jesus, save me from an unprepared death.

Dear Jesus, save me from the second death in the pool of brimstone and fire : by Thy love and by Thy pity, save me from the worm that never dies, and from the fire that is never quenched.

Dear Jesus, give me grace to hold fast the confidence and hope of glory to the end.

I love and adore the Precious Blood of Jesus, that flowed from the Four Sacred Wounds in His Hands and Feet, as He hung in lingering Agony on His Cross.

At the Pater noster.

Eternal Father, look upon Thy beloved Son, in Whom Thou art well pleased : for He has promised that we shall obtain everything that is good for us, if we ask it in His Name. He tells us to ask and receive, that our joy may be full. As no

words can be like His words, so no prayer can be like His Prayer : Our Father, &c.

At the Agnus Dei.

From before the foundations of the world, dear Lord, Thou wast the Lamb slain, in the counsels and foreknowledge of God. On the dim ways by which the exiles went from Paradise there rested the shadow of Thy Cross. In the wilderness and in the Promised Land, by type and figure and prophecy, was set forth the shedding of that Divine Blood by which the world has been redeemed. Thou didst pour forth, dear Lord, the very last drop of Thy Blood on the Cross. And day by day the power of Thy Blood is felt in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in the Sacrament of Penance, and in every saving rite by which Thou givest grace to our souls. I love and adore Thee, my Jesus, in the Unbloody Sacrifice of the Altar. O Lamb of God, have mercy upon me.

My Jesus, I adore the Precious Blood that flowed from the Wound made by the Lance in Thy Sacred Side as Thou wast sleeping on Thy Cross in death.

At the Communion.

Dearest Saviour, give us grace to overcome the world by Thy Blood and by the Word of Thy testimony. They who eat and drink at Thy Table shall never hunger nor thirst. And yet, dear Lord, they who eat and drink with Thee shall still be hungry and still be thirsty. No soul can ever grow tired of Thee, of Thy beauty and Thy love.

“Here is the patience of the Saints, who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.”

“Blessed are they that wash their robes in the Blood of the Lamb: that they may have a right to the Tree of Life, and may enter by the gates into the City.”

At the Collects.

Dear Lord, give us true sorrow for our sins and a true resolution to avoid them for the future. Give us grace to do this out of love for Thee. Make us bear in mind the punishment Thou hast prepared for the impenitent, and help us on our way to Thee. Deliver us from all evil, and purify us more and more by Thy Precious Blood.

May the intention of our hearts be always pure and acceptable in Thy sight : and do Thou so guard us by Thy love that nothing may defile us in body or soul.

At the Last Gospel.

“Thanks be to God, Who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

“Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of our God.”

“Ye are come to mount Sion and the City of the Living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of Angels, and to the Church of the first-born who are written in the Heavens, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the sprinkling of Blood which speaketh better than that of Abel.”

“One of the Ancients answered and said to me, These that are clothed in white robes, who are they? and whence came they? And I said to him, My Lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the Throne of God, and they serve Him day and night in His Temple; and He that sitteth on the Throne shall dwell over them. They shall no more hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall on them

nor any heat. For the Lamb, Who is in the midst of the Throne, shall rule them, and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."





IV.

A MASS OF ILLUMINATION, IN HONOUR OF THE THREE YEARS' MINISTRY.

At the Asperges.

“THE light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days, in the day when the Lord shall bind up the wound of His people, and shall heal the stroke of their wound.”

“The land that was desert and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice and shall flourish like the lily. It shall bud forth and blossom, and shall rejoice with joy and praise; the glory of Libanus is given to it; the beauty of Car-

mel and Saron shall see the glory of the Lord and the beauty of our God."

Eternal Father, First Person of the Ever-Blessed Trinity, strengthen faith, hope, and charity, in my soul, that I may always believe firmly, hope confidently, and love strongly.

Mary, elect Daughter of the Eternal Father, pray for me.

At the Judica.

In Thy light Thou comest, O Lord, to judge us ; in Thy light Thou judgest us in every moment. Show us why Thou strivest with us ; why Thy Hand lies on us so heavily. In judgment remember mercy, or we must perish. Give us, dear Lord, a great fear of Thy holy judgment, and enlighten our souls with a knowledge of Thy law. May Thy light shine upon us here and in the valley of the shadow of death.

Eternal Son, Second Person of the Ever-

Blessed Trinity, give me a love for Thee, ever growing purer, deeper, and stronger.

Mary, elect Mother of the Eternal Son, pray for me.

At the Confiteor.

I know and acknowledge my sinfulness, Divine King, and I do not seek to hide my iniquity from Thee. Clouds and shadows hang over me and cover me. Oftentimes the day shines not, and the stars are blotted out in the rayless night. I know that which is right, and do it not; and again in my blindness and infirmity I do often those things which I know to be wrong. But out of the darkness I stretch forth my hands to Thee; and Thou art near, and I can feel the touch of Thy Divine Hand, guiding me, strengthening me, leading me to my home. The wind is very high and the waves are very tempestuous; very terrible in my ears is the roaring of the sea as it dashes itself against the hard cold rocks; very faint and feeble is my

voice, and yet Thou canst hear it amidst the uproar and strife of the storm ; for Thine Ears are always open to our prayers. Dearest Lord, I know that of myself I am dark and evil in Thy sight.

Eternal Spirit, Third Person of the Ever Blessed Trinity, give me always more and more of Thy light.

Mary, elect Spouse of the Holy Ghost, pray for me.

At the Introit.

When Thou wast baptised in Jordan, dear Lord, the Heavens opened above Thee ; the Dove overshadowed Thee ; and the Voice of the Eternal Father testified of His love.

And still, dearest Lord, in this Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Thou takest away our sins, and with Thee Thy Father is well pleased : here is Thy divine ceaseless Presence in Thy Church ; and as once Thou didst change water into wine, so on

Thine Altar, by a far greater miracle, Thou dost change wine into Thyself.

O Holy Trinity, give me the light that leads to Thee.

Mary, my Mother, pray for me.

At the Kyrie.

Give me light, dear Lord ; give me brighter faith, stronger hope, purer love. As I cannot see in the darkness, so spiritually I cannot see where Thy light cometh not. But Thou showest Thy mercy to me in giving me light. Anoint my eyes, that I may see ; for as the blind cannot see in the sunshine, so I, being spiritually blind, cannot see in Thy light unless Thou givest me my eyesight. Dear Lord, Thou art always merciful ; let Thy light fall upon my path clearly and brightly. Snares and pitfalls are before me ; but Thou by Thy Hand wilt guide me safely to the end.

Eternal Father, bring me to the brightness of Thy Presence.

Mary, my Mother, pray for me.

At the Gloria.

All created light, O God, is a type and shadow of Thee, Who dwellest in the light inaccessible. Thy glory filleth the Heaven of Heavens, and poureth itself forth beyond creation; for Thou art Infinite, Immense, Eternal. Saints and Angels are burning with love and beauty in the brightness of Thy Throne. The gleaming of their loveliness lights up the Jasper-wall and the Gates of Pearl and the Sea of Glass. A fiery splendour, bright and piercing, burns through the empyreal Heaven in which they dwell. There is a waving of Palms amidst the white light of the Eternal Day. Bright raiment and golden crowns shine with intolerable radiance in the midst of the fire-crowned battlements of the Heavenly New Jerusalem. I listen to the thrilling words of the beloved Disciple telling us of its brightness: "The City hath no need of the sun or the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God hath enlightened

it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof." "Night shall be no more; and they shall not need the light of the lamp nor the light of the sun, because the Lord God shall enlighten them, and they shall reign for ever and ever." At this moment, before us, on this Altar, there is hidden in the Blessed Sacrament all the Glory that irradiates the City of the Blest.

Eternal Son, Light of light, show me Thy Face.

Mary, Mother of Jesus, pray for me.

At the Collects.

Jesus, Thou bright and Morning Star, shine upon us; for we dwell in the midst of a great darkness. Make us always know and feel Thy Divine Presence, and give us grace always to see the light of Thy Sacred Human Face. As Thy disciples saw Thee walking on the waters in the dark night, so give us grace to see Thee in this dark night of our lives. As

Thou didst say to them, It is I, be not afraid ; so speak to us, and let Thy loving Voice fall sweetly and consolingly on our hearts.

Eternal Spirit, give me light.

Mary, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, pray for me.

At the Epistle.

In Thy light, Eternal King, we shall see light. Everything is darkness to us, if it be not lighted by Thee. Everything is light to us, if Thou shinest in it, or if it shows us the way to Thy Kingdom. Clothed with light as with a raiment, Thou art reigning on Thy Throne, in the midst of Thy Redeemed, upon whose upturned faces the full glory of Thy light is shed. And now Thou tellest us of Thyself, and speakest to us in this darkness. We listen to the words of Thine Apostle : “ Ye are the children of light and children of the day ; we are not of the night nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as others

do ; but let us watch and be sober. For they, that sleep, sleep in the night ; and they, that are drunk, are drunk in the night. But let us who are of the day be sober, having on the breast-plate of faith and charity, and for a helmet the hope of salvation." "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit."

Holy Trinity, One God, bring me to the light of Thy Kingdom.

Mary, Mother of mercy, pray for me.

At the Munda cor meum.

Jesus, dear Lord, in Thee are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge ; shine more and more brightly in our hearts. Let Thy Seraphim bring to us live coals of fire from Thy Altar, and touch our unclean lips with them, that our iniquities may be taken away and our sin cleansed.

Eternal Father, cleanse me by Thy light.

Mary, Mother of pure love, pray for me.

At the Gospel.

“I saw the Lord sitting upon a Throne high and elevated, and His train filled the Temple. Upon it stood the Seraphim ; the one had six wings, and the other had six wings : with two they covered his face, and with two they covered his feet, and with two they flew. And they cried one to another and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, the Lord God of hosts ; all the earth is full of His Glory.” At this moment, the six-winged Seraphim are adoring before the Blessed Sacrament, in which Jesus is hidden. We look up to the Tabernacle on the Altar, and see them by the eye of faith. All this Heavenly Mount Sion on which we stand is covered with chariots and horses of fire. The Lamb in the Blessed Sacrament is in the midst of us. Soon He will descend again on His Altar, and soon the unending Sacrifice will again be offered. Glorious and strong and majestic, Thou art

ever with us, Thou Incarnate Word, in the light and glory of Thy Kingdom.

Eternal Son, enlighten me and strengthen me.

Dear Mother Mary, pray for me.

At the Credo.

The light of Thy Faith, dearest Lord, is shining on us, and we rejoice in that light. No glory of the sun or of the moon can be compared with the glory and brightness of Thy Faith illuminating the soul. The street of Thy Heavenly City is pure gold, as it were transparent glass. Within its walls there is no night; and its gates are never shut. The nations walk in its light, and the kings of the earth bring their glory and honour into it. Blessed are they who have a right to the Tree of life, and who enter by the gates into the City. Whilst darkness that can be felt rests on the world outside, here in the Church of God is the brightness of a shining light.

No shadow of darkness can dim for one moment the sacred flame that burns on the Altars and in the conscience of the Church. Its light ever falls on our faces and on our hearts. Dear Lord, Giver of light, Giver of love, Thy infallible indefectible Church, always pure, always strong, always majestic, teaches the Divine Revelation to the world, and gives the Divine Law to the nations. Her voice cannot fail, her love cannot change, her light cannot be dimmed. Brightly, ceaselessly, fruitfully, ever flows the Crystal River. Blessing and praise and love be to Thee, Divine Teacher, for the great gift of Thy Faith. Thy Church is ever set on a hill; her light cannot be hidden; and the nations of the Elect walk in the brightness of this City.

Eternal Spirit, strengthen in me the virtue of Faith, and give me grace, if need be, to die for Thy Truth.

Eternal Spirit, give me more wisdom and understanding.

Mary, Bride of the Holy Ghost, pray for me.

At the Offertory.

Jesus, I pray for Thy light in my soul, that I may see my way plainly. May my lamp be burning brightly in the day of Thy Coming. As Thou didst give sight to the blind man by the way-side, so stretch forth Thy Divine Hand and give sight to me. Make my soul bright, that it may be a pure offering to Thee. And help me now to unite my intention to the intention of Thy Priest in offering this Holy Sacrifice.

Holy Trinity, One God, pour Thy light upon my soul.

Mary, Queen of Virgins, pray for me.

At the Lavabo.

“Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy House, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.” The shadow of Thine unspeakable glory falls upon me here, and by faith

I can see the brightness of that light which is burning within the Veil. I love the beauty of Thy House, where Thou art seen face to face in the unchanging Day: I desire, with a great desire, to see Thee in Thy holy Temple. I love Thine earthly Houses consecrated and enlightened by Thy Divine Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: Let us go into the House of the Lord." I desire to see Thy Houses made beautiful and glorious for Thee, according to Thy words: "The glory of Libanus shall come to thee, the fir-tree, and the box-tree, and the pine-tree together, to beautify the place of My Sanctuary: and I will glorify the place of My Feet." That which is most precious and most costly should be given to Thee for Thy Houses; and then there is nothing half good enough even for Thine earthly Temples. Dear Lord, I should like to see all Thy Tabernacles made of gold and precious stones. But above all, make Thy

dwelling-place, O God, in my soul, and let it be always bright and beautiful for Thee.

Eternal Father, enlighten me and strengthen me.

Mary, Mother of God, pray for me.

At the Secret Prayers.

In the beginning, Eternal Word, Thou didst say, "Let light be," and light was. No one helped Thee in the hour when Thou didst create ; but Thou, with Thy Father and Thy Holy Spirit, didst make all things out of nothing. As in the beginning Thou didst pour light on the darkness, so now, more and more, pour Thy gracious light on the darkness of my soul. Dearest Lord, "stay with us, because it is towards evening, and the day is now far spent." Stay with me, Divine Love, and do not leave me.

Eternal Son, give me grace to understand Thy holy Will more and more clearly.

Mary, Mother of our Lord, pray for me.

At the Preface.

I love and adore Thee, Divine Teacher, in all Thy words and deeds. Thou didst speak as never man spake: and, if all Thy wondrous deeds were written, the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Thou wast often weary and footsore and hungry and thirsty, whilst Angels and Archangels and Seraphim and Cherubim and Thrones adored Thee in Thy Suffering and Thy Ministry. Thou didst go about in the Holy Land, casting out devils, healing the sick, preaching the Gospel, living in the world as a Man; whilst all the time Thy Human Soul looked upon the Face of God in the Beatific Vision. Thou wast a Wayfarer here on Thy pilgrimage through the desert, and at the same time Thou wast a Comprehender, seeing and knowing the Uncreated Essence of God. I desire always, dear Lord, to honour and love Thee very much in that time of Thy Ministry

of which Thou didst say, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His Head." O how dear beyond all words art Thou to me in Thy poverty and suffering and desolation! But Thou art still in the world as truly as in those days of Thine earthly life. Thy Soul and Body and Godhead are here in the Blessed Sacrament. Once Thou wast offered on Calvary in that Sacrifice of the Cross which can never be repeated: and here in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that one Sacrifice is always continued. Here Thou art always offered, and here Thou art always the Propitiation for our sins.

Eternal Spirit, give me more and more knowledge of true doctrine.

Mary, elect Spouse of the Holy Ghost, pray for me.

At the Canon.

Jesus, dear Lord, Thou didst lead Thy three chosen Disciples up a high mountain

and wast transfigured before them. Thy raiment became shining and white as snow. It gleamed with an exceeding great brightness, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. As Thou didst pray, Thy Countenance was altered, and Thy clothes grew white and glittering. Thy Face did shine as the sun in the midst of the bright overshadowing cloud. A Voice came out of the cloud, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased ; hear ye Him." Peter and James and John were with Thee, and beheld Thy light : and Moses and Elias talked with Thee on the Mount.

Jesus, I adore Thee in the splendour of Thy Transfiguration. Now Thou art always transfigured in the Blessed Sacrament. There Thy Face shines like the sun, and Thy raiment is whiter than snow. There Thou dost ever dwell in all Thy love and all the glory of Thy Kingdom. And soon Thou wilt come again to Thine Altar in this Holy Sacrifice. It is said of Thine Apostles on Thabor, " they lifting up their

eyes saw no one but Jesus." In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Thou art always transfigured before us. Dear Lord, may we, lifting up our eyes to Thine Altar, see no one but Thee.

Holy Trinity, give me light.

Mary, pure and beautiful, pray for me.

The Commemoration of the Living.

Give light, O God, to those who are sitting in darkness and the valley of the shadow of death (especially): give grace to all those who are fighting with temptations, that they may overcome (especially); help all those who are dying, that the light of Thy love may fall on them in their agony (especially); give Thy saving light to all those out of the Church who are seeking for the truth (especially), and guide them into the House of salvation. Give me also grace and light to know Thy Will, and strength to do it.

Eternal Father, give the light of Thy Truth to all those who are seeking for Thee.

Mary, Mother of mercy, pray for me.

At the Hanc igitur.

“O that Thou wouldest rend the Heavens and come down! the mountains would melt away at Thy Presence. They would melt as at the burning of fire; the waters would burn with fire, that Thy Name might be made known to Thine enemies, that the nations might tremble at Thy Presence.”
 “I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Juda a possessor of My mountains; and Mine Elect shall inherit it, and My servants shall dwell there. And the plains shall be turned to folds of flocks, and the valley of Achor into a place for herds to lie down in, for My people that have sought Me.”

Jesus, Light of light, Thou art coming to us in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Eternal Son, give me more knowledge and love of God.

Mary, Mother of Jesus, pray for me.

At the Consecration.

I adore Thee, Incarnate Word, under this appearance of Bread. I rejoice in Thy light shining on me from the Corporal. I welcome Thee, my Jesus, in the brightness of Thy Coming. "Thou hast prepared a Table before me." Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, in Thy Sacred Humanity Thou hast come to us. O Jesus, loving and glorious, I adore Thee, my God, hidden in the Sacred Host.

I adore Thee, Incarnate Word, under this appearance of Wine. I rejoice in Thy light shining on me from the Chalice. I welcome Thee, my Jesus, in the brightness of Thy Coming. "As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God. My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God: when

shall I come and appear before the Face of God?" Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, in Thy Sacred Humanity Thou hast come to us. O Jesus, loving and glorious, I adore Thee, my God, hidden in the Sacred Chalice.

I am now before the Face of God, before the Human Face of Jesus, God and Man. On the Corporal and in the Chalice He is one undivided Christ. In fear and trembling, with heart bowed down to the ground, and yet with love and confidence, I worship before Jesus on His Altar. The Bush is burning with fire, and is yet unconsumed; the House of God is lighted up with the brightness of the flame, and like a beacon-fire the Divine Love is shrined in the Blessed Sacrament. O Jesus, loving and glorious, I adore Thee, my God, hidden under the appearance of Bread and under the appearance of Wine.

Ye Angels and Saints in Heaven, adore Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for me.

"Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for

thy Light is come, and the glory of the Lord hath risen upon thee." "The Gentiles shall walk in Thy light, and kings in the brightness of Thy rising." "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth."

O Holy Ghost, Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, shine more and more in my soul.

Mary, Bride of the Holy Ghost, pray for me.

At the Commemoration of the Dead.

Shine, dear Lord, in the dim twilight of Purgatory, and deliver Thine Elect from their suffering. As the shadows of separation from Thee creep round them, drive those shadows away by Thy Divine light, and bring many Souls to Thyself. I pray especially for Bring them to the light of the Eternal Day, where they may see Thee.

O Ever-Blessed Trinity, strong and merciful, give rest and refreshment to all Thy creatures in Purgatory.

Mary, Mother of love, pray for them.

At the Nobis quoque.

Radiant and bright are Thy Heavenly Palaces, Thou Eternal King. In them Thy Saints and Angels are dwelling in love and joy and holiness and peace. Their Beatitude is endless as Thy Kingdom, as Thyself. Our hearts seem to faint within us when we compare our strife with their rest, our darkness with their light, our sorrow with their joy, our sins with their sinlessness, our death with their life. But in Thee, dear Jesus, we have hope. We can never forget that Thou didst vouchsafe to die for us ; and we remember that it is by Thee and only by Thee that those Blessed Ones have been saved. We are now as they once were ; and, if we are faithful to Thee, we shall be one day what they are now. Dear Lord, by Thy Life and Death, give to us sinners a share in the inheritance of Thy Saints.

O bright and burning glory of the City and Temple of God ! Our eyes are dim

with gazing on the light that cometh over the Eastern Hills. The waiting is not for ever. We have the promise: "Thine eyes shall see the King in His Beauty; they shall behold the land far off."

Jesus, the King in His Beauty, is here in the Blessed Sacrament.

Eternal Father, may I love Jesus, more and more.

Mary, Mother of hope, pray for me.

At the Pater noster.

Precious beyond all thought, Divine Master, are Thy words. Thou art our Teacher, telling us of God and showing us the way to our Heavenly Home. The darkness rests on that way; but Thy light shines brightly on us, and irradiates the road that leads to the City of our King. Brightly and beautifully Thou shinest before us as we go. Never were Thy words, dearest Lord, more precious, more loving, wiser or stronger or sweeter, than when

Thou didst teach us to pray, saying : Our Father, &c.

Eternal Son, may I love Thy Father and my Father more and more.

Mary, Mother of Christ, pray for me.

At the Agnus Dei.

Jesus, Lamb of God, let the light of Thy love pierce the darkness of our hearts, and save us from our wanderings. Shine on us, Thou Dayspring, and enlighten us. O Morning Star, rise in Thy beauty, and shine in our souls. As Thou hast brought us from sin to penance, so lead us on, Thou Light of our souls, from penance to perfection. In the horror of a great wilderness we must lose ourselves but for Thee. The clouds are round us, and they hide the sun ; but thou dispellest the darkness, and the Heavens are bright with Thy love. With Thee the light of the moon is as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun is sevenfold. O Jesus, my King, my Love, Thou art Light of light, the Light of the

Gentiles, the Light of the spiritual Israel. Eternal King, shine ever on my darkness, and bring me to Thyself, that I may be with Thee, and see Thy light for ever.

Eternal Spirit, enlighten me and strengthen me.

Mary, Bride of the Holy Ghost, pray for me.

At the Communion.

As light enlightens the world and gladdens it, so Thy light, my Jesus, enlightens and gladdens my soul. O Jesus, I have received Thee into my soul; and the brightness of the Jasper wall and Gates of Pearl and golden Pavement seems as darkness compared to Thee. Many of Thy servants have received Thee with me. Now Thou art in our hearts, enlightening, encouraging, warning, consoling, strengthening. I adore Thee, Jesus, Giver of light, as Thou dwellest sacramentally in my heart, and in the hearts of those who have now received Thee.

And, if we have not received Thee, Thy Priest now offering the Holy Sacrifice has received Thee, and Thou makest for a while Thy bodily habitation in his heart. There, my Jesus, I adore Thee. O Heavenly King, full of love and pity, I adore Thee, wherever Thou art. Bring me, loving Saviour, to the brightness of Thy Kingdom and the Vision of Thyself.

Ever-Blessed Trinity, may I have a great love for Jesus in Holy Communion.

Mary, Mother of pure love, pray for me.

At the Collects.

O Holy Ghost, Who didst rest on the rod that came from Jesse, and the flower that sprang from his root; strengthen in me Thy seven Gifts, that Thy light may burn more and more brightly in me to the perfect Day. I beseech Thee, Holy Spirit, by Thy great love, to strengthen in me the spirit of Wisdom and Understanding, the spirit of Counsel and Fortitude, the spirit

of Knowledge and Godliness, and fill me with the spirit of the Fear of the Lord.

Jesus, the darkness seems to grow thicker round me, and I need Thy light more than I can say. Terrible temptations assail me, almost wearing me out ; and dark forms of evil stand before me, almost blotting out the day ; but Thou art with me, and with Thee I find safety and rest.

O Ever-Blessed Trinity, be to me a light in this darkness.

O dearest and most loving Jesus, I desire to love Thee always more and more.

My Divine Spouse, pour Thy light into my soul.

Jesus, may Thy Divine word be ever dearer and dearer to me, and teach me more in every day about God and Thy Heavenly Kingdom.

Mary, Mother of Jesus, pray for me.

At the Last Gospel.

“In the beginning was the Word, and

the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The Same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him ; and without Him was made nothing that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the Light of men ; and the Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. This man came for a witness, to give testimony of the Light, that all men might believe through him. He was not the Light, but was to give testimony of the Light. That was the true Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His Own and His Own received Him not. But to as many as did receive Him He gave power to be made the sons of God ; to them that believe in His Name : who are not born of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the

Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the Only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

"The City hath no need of the sun or moon to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."





V.

A MASS OF UNION,
IN HONOUR OF THE SACRED HEART.

At the Asperges.

O DIVINE Heart of Jesus, once suffering, now glorified, the shadow of a great rest falls on us from the ivory Palaces; and the majesty of a great love lifts us up from the world of death and darkness to the world of life and light.

Jesus, Divine King and Spouse, I unite my intention now to the intention of Thy Priest, who is about to offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass in Thy Name and stead; and I pray that Thou wilt so unite me to Thyself here by sanctifying grace, that I

may be for ever united to Thee in the light of glory, in Thy Kingdom, where Thou reignest over Thy people.

At the Judica.

All judgment, dearest Lord, is committed to Thee, because Thou art the Son of man. Pierce me through and through with the spirit of holy fear ; and so strengthen me by Thy grace that no temptations may be able to draw me from Thee. Thou hast brought me to Thy holy Mountain and to Thy Tabernacles. I desire to abide with Thee in those Tabernacles for ever. I love the very threshold of Thy Roman Church in which I dwell. Sorrows and perplexities often overshadow me ; anguish of heart and nameless terrors often crush me to the ground ; the darkness covers my head, and my heart is full of pain, as sharp thorns lie strewn in my way ; but how can I fear if Thou art with me ? Why is my soul sorrowful and dis-

turbed, when Thy Divine Eyes are on me,
and Thy Divine Heart is loving me?

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, in my sorrow
and anguish I turn to Thee.

At the Confiteor.

I hear a Divine Voice saying, "Return, ye sinners, to the Heart." That Voice is speaking to me, for I am sinful. My sins in their darkness stand ever before me, and I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. But a Divine Love has sought for me in the wilderness, and a Divine Strength has saved me. The unearthly tenderness of Divine Compassion and Long-suffering saves me from myself. I can only escape from myself in the shelter of the Heart of God. It is to that Heart that the Voice is calling me, bidding me return from my sin. In the great silence that Voice, thrilling and sweet and piercing, falls on my heart, and with its strong persuasiveness draws me to my Love.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I hear that Voice in the darkness and through the storm ; and I rise up to come to Thee.

Jesus, humble of heart, draw me to Thyself.

At the Introit.

A Body was prepared for Thee, Eternal King, when Thou didst come into the world, and a Sacred Human Heart was created to be Thy Heart for ever. I am lost in wonder when I think of Thy condescension and Thy love. Again and again in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Thou dost come into the world, when the words of consecration are said. Then Thou art present on Thine Altar in the Blessed Sacrament. In the mystery of Thine Incarnation a Body was created for Thee : but here, in the mystery of the Altar, Thou comest from Thy Heavenly Throne, and yet dost not leave it ; and art in the Blessed Sacrament, where Thou wast not before. Here Thou art hidden beneath the

Sacred Accidents, and here in Thy Body Thy Heart is beating with love for us. I desire to follow in Thy steps. I desire to learn what Thou teachest ; for Thou hast said : "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, in my joy and gladness I turn to Thee.

At the Kyrie.

Jesus, most gentle, most pitiful, most loving, have mercy upon me. The thought of Thy loving Sacred Heart is to me as light in the darkness, as a shelter and a rest in the great desolation of the wilderness in which I am. Jesus, Thou didst once suffer and die for me ; by Thy stricken Heart, full of anguish, and by Thy Soul, exceedingly sorrowful even unto death, have mercy upon me. In Thy love and in Thy pity, draw me to Thyself, and keep me from the evil. Shield me from my great

enemy, who seeks to destroy my soul. Thou art merciful and loving now, as Thou hast ever been from the days of old.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be to me a shadow in the daytime from the heat.

At the Gloria.

Glory be to Thee, my Saviour and my King. Sweet and thrilling, yet strong and piercing, is the Voice of Thy Sacred Heart. My Spouse, Thou art the King of the myriads of the Redeemed. Thou reignest in the midst of them, in the brightness of Thy light and the fulness of Thy beauty. Floods of lustrous radiance, flowing from Thy Human Face, fall upon the waves of fire, on the jasper battlements, on the harps and palms and crowns of gold. Mary, Thy sinless Virgin-Mother, Thy Sister and Spouse, is lying in her sweetness and majesty, crowned on Thy Sacred Heart. All the ransomed Church is Thy Bride, whom Thou didst espouse to Thy-

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they that are called
per of the Lamb."

At the Collects.

Myself, dear Lord, I a
bless, but Thou givest Thine
Thou art the Vine, a
withered and barren ;
I can bring forth fruit, and
that fruit can remain. I
do nothing ; but in union w
by Thy strength I can do al
me dwell always with Thee,
mour, and let my life be hidd
in God.

Jesus, my loving Spouse, Thine I
ways open to our prayers. Great
ord, more than we can say, do
thy help, and that help Thou ever
O Sacred Heart of Jesus, let me
in Thee.

At the Epistle.

They are before the
the
of

self with blood. We call to mind the words of Thy beloved Disciple: "Let us be glad and rejoice and give glory to Him, for the Marriage of the Lamb is come, and His Wife hath prepared herself." Clothed in fine linen glittering and white, fainting with love and breathless with joy, she is looking up for ever into Thy beautiful Face, drinking in light and love; her head is on Thy Sacred Heart, and Thy Divine Arms are round her. She has no eyes and no ears but for Thee, her Love, for to her Thou art all in all.

O joy unspeakable! O pure and holy love! O most blissful union of the Redeemer with His Redeemed; of the King with His Elect; of the Bridegroom with His Bride!

O Jesus, most merciful, out of my darkness I call to Thee, and in my sorrow I hear Thy Voice. Bring me to Thy Home, to the Vision of Thyself, to the fulness of Thy love. Let me understand by experience the words of Thy Apostle: "Blessed

are they that are called to the Marriage-Supper of the Lamb."

At the Collects.

By myself, dear Lord, I am poor and worthless, but Thou givest Thine Own riches to me. Thou art the Vine, and I am a branch, withered and barren ; but with Thee I can bring forth fruit, and through Thee that fruit can remain. By myself I can do nothing ; but in union with Thee and by Thy strength I can do all things. Let me dwell always with Thee, dearest Saviour, and let my life be hidden with Thee in God.

Jesus, my loving Spouse, Thine Ears are always open to our prayers. Greatly, dear Lord, more than we can say, do we need Thy help, and that help Thou ever givest.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, let me be hidden in Thee.

At the Epistle.

"They are before the Throne of God,

and serve Him day and night in His Temple ; and He that sitteth on the Throne shall dwell over them. They shall no more hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb Who is in the midst of the Throne shall rule them, and lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Eternal Father, give me more and more an ever-increasing love for Thy Holy Child Jesus, and a more perfect union with His Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, may I be always united to Thee.

At the Munda cor meum.

Jesus, keep us undefiled, and give us our places amongst Thy servants in Thy Heavenly Kingdom. We call to mind how Thine Elect follow Thee on the Mountains of the spiritual Israel, and we pray that Thou wilt one day bring us to the

true Promised Land, that we may follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. Cleanse our hearts, that we may be in the number of those blessed and holy Saints of whom it is said : "In their mouth there was found no lie ; for they are without spot before the Throne of God."

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, in my darkness I turn to Thee.

At the Gospel.

Thou, Eternal Son of God, art the true Angel, flying through the midst of Heaven, having the Eternal Gospel to preach unto them that sit on the earth. By the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Thy Gospel is preached, and Thou art set forth Crucified amongst us. One day the number of Thine Elect will be accomplished. "I beheld, and, lo, a Lamb stood upon Mount Sion, and with Him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having His Name and the Name of His Father written in their fore-

heads. And I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder : and the voice I heard was the voice of harpers, harping on their harps. And they sung as it were a new Canticle, before the Throne, and the four Living Creatures, and the Ancients ; and no man could learn that Canticle, but those hundred and forty and four thousand that were purchased from the earth."

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, may I one day sing the New Song before Thee.

At the Credo.

Divine Teacher, Thou hast given us Thy Faith, and Thou hast left Thy words in the Church. Words of reproof are dearer to us from Thee than words of love from others. We would rather be upbraided by Thee than praised by the world. We mourn for ourselves, that we deserve Thy reproaches ; but we thank Thee for remembering us, and for not leaving us

to ourselves. It is so dear to think that Thou carest for us. Thou didst speak very blessed words of love and reproof to the Angels of the Churches ; may Thy words always dwell in our hearts. In the Blessed Sacrament Thou holdest the seven Stars in Thy right Hand : and the seven golden Candlesticks are burning round Thee. We listen to Thy sweet loving Voice, calling us Homeward, warning, consoling, promising us our reward. Thou sayest : " Thou hast patience, and hast endured for My Name, and hast not fainted. But I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first charity. Be mindful, therefore, whence thou art fallen ; do penance ; and do the first works."

Dear Lord, give me grace to do penance, lest Thou shouldst remove my candlestick out of its place. Give me grace also always to hate that which Thou hatest, and to love that which Thou lovest. I hear now what Thou sayest to me : " To him that overcometh I will grant to eat of

the Tree of life, which is in the Paradise of My God." Thou art the First and Last ; Thou wast dead and art alive ; and Thou sayest to me, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "He that shall overcome shall not be hurt by the second death." Again, Thou art before me with Thy sharp two-edged sword, and Thou sayest to me, "Thou holdest fast My Name, and hast not denied my Faith." "But I have against thee a few things." Show me always, Divine Teacher, what the things are that Thou hast against me, and why Thou contendest with me, or takest me for Thine enemy. Thou sayest, "Do penance, or I will come to thee quickly, and I will fight against thee with the sword of My Mouth."

Dear Lord, may we be always true to Thee, to Thy Faith, and Thy Church : may we never hold Thy truth in unrighteousness ; but may we always be faithful to Thee.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, make us and keep us faithful.

O most blessed Antipas, faithful Martyr of Jesus, pray for us.

At the Offertory.

Eternal Father, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we offer ourselves to Thee. No man can come to Thee except by Him. We offer Thee our souls and bodies, our thoughts, our actions, our words, our lives, our deaths. In joy or sorrow, in prosperity or adversity, in calm or storm, we offer ourselves to Thee. In union with all the thoughts which Jesus has about this Mass at which we are assisting, we give ourselves to Thee, and pray that Thou wilt make us Thine for ever.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I offer my heart to Thee.

At the Lavabo.

Incarnate Word, Thy Feet were always

in the right way, and Thou didst truly and faithfully bless and praise Thy Father in the midst of the Church. Thou didst go up to the Altar of the Cross, that we might one day hear the voice of joy and praise. Still Thou dost go up, day by day, to Thine Altar, that a way may be prepared for us into the Heavenly Kingdom.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thou art the Fountain of cleansing ; from Thee flow the streams of most Precious Blood, by which we are made clean. Thy love, Sacred Heart, overshadows us and saves us.

At the Secret Prayers.

Dear Lord, in the love of Thy Sacred Heart, Thou leadest us through the desert ; through a land uninhabited and impassable but for Thee ; through a land of drought and the image of death, wherein no man walked, wherein no man dwelt, until Thou didst pass through it, weary and footsore and with blood-stained raiment.

Turn, dear Lord, our mourning into joy, and comfort us, and make us joyful after our sorrow. Bring us to the Heavenly Mount Sion, that we may praise Thee in the Congregation of Thy Saints. There all Thy good things flow together, and there each soul of Thy Redeemed is as a watered garden.

“Thus saith the Lord: The people that were left and escaped from the sword found grace in the desert; Israel shall go to his rest.” “To him that overcometh I will give the hidden Manna, and a white Counter, and in the Counter a new name written, which no man knoweth but he that receiveth it.”

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be to me the shadow of a great Rock in this desert land.

At the Preface.

Again, Incarnate Word, Thou art drawing near in this Holy Sacrifice; again there comes to me the sound of Thy thrilling

Voice. My heart within me is moved to meet Thee at Thy Coming ; and all my spirit faints for joy when I think that Thou art near. The sound of Thy Footsteps is melody in mine ears and in my heart. There is often a whisper in the air that tells me Thou art coming before I see Thee. But now I know of Thy Coming to this Altar, by the word of Thy Church. Again I listen, and again I hear Thy Voice : " That which thou hast, hold fast till I come. To him that shall overcome and keep My words to the end I will give power over the nations." " I will give him the Morning Star. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches." Thou, dearest Lord, hast the seven Spirits of God and the seven Stars, and Thou sayest to us from Thy Heavenly Throne on this Altar before which we kneel : " Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain which are ready to die ; for I find not thy works full before My God. Bear in mind, therefore, in what

manner thou hast received and heard ; and observe and do penance. If, then, thou wilt not watch, I will come to thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know at what hour I will come to thee. But thou hast a few names in Sardis which have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy."

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, may I be faithful to Thee, walking with Thee in white here, that I may walk with Thee in white for ever in Thy Kingdom.

At the Canon.

Eternal Father, we offer this Sacrifice to Thee. A Throne is set in Heaven, and on that Throne Thou art sitting. Thou art like the jasper and the sardine-stone, and round Thy Throne there is a gleaming Rainbow like an emerald. The four-and-twenty Ancients, beautiful, loving, adoring, are sitting round Thy Throne. They are clothed in white garments, and on their

heads are crowns of gold. At this moment, though we can neither hear nor see them, lightnings and voices and thunders are coming from Thine emerald-girdled Throne in Heaven ; and the seven Lamps, which are Thy seven Spirits, are burning before Thee. Round Thy Throne is gleaming the Sea of glass like crystal ; and in the midst of Thy Throne, and round about it, are the four Living Creatures full of eyes. In ceaseless changeless love they are ever praising Thee, and they rest not day or night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Who was, and Who is, and Who is to come.

My God, give me grace to unite my adoration to the adoration of those who thus worship Thee day and night. Help me at this moment to adore Thee by this Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. With these four Living Creatures I give glory and honour and benediction to Thee, for Thou sittest on Thy Throne and livest for ever and ever. The four-and-twenty Ancients are now

falling down before Thee, adoring Thee, and casting their golden crowns before Thy Throne : I unite myself to them, and with them I say, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, our God, to receive glory and honour and power, because Thou hast created all things, and by Thy will they are, and by Thy will they were created."

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be to me a Fountain of love and adoration,

Commemoration of the Living.

Jesus, Thou lovest all Thy creatures with a great love, and with a great pity Thou showest mercy on them. Thine Eyes are always on us. Thou art a merciful and faithful High Priest ; Thou canst feel for our infirmities ; Thou hast compassion on all who are ignorant and who err. Once, dear Lord, Thou wast compassed with infirmities Thyself ; and so, because of the love of Thy Sacred Heart, we can go with confidence to the Throne of grace. I unite

myself to Thee, my great High Priest, within the Veil, as Thou intercedest before Thy Father, and I pray for. . . .

At the Hanc igitur.

“ I saw Heaven open, and, behold, a white horse, and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and with justice doth He judge and fight. And His Eyes were as a flame of fire, and on His Head were many Diadems, and He had a Name written which no man knoweth but Himself. And He was clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood; and His Name is called the Word of God. And the Armies that are in Heaven followed Him on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.” “He treadeth the Winepress of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God. And He hath on His garment and on His Thigh written, King of kings and Lord of lords.”

Thus art Thou coming, Jesus, my Love,

in this Holy Sacrifice. I am waiting for Thee : I am waiting for the words of consecration : in a moment Thou wilt descend on Thy Altar. "Come, Lord Jesus."

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be to me a cloud by day, and the brightness of a flaming fire by night ; let Thy glory be over me, and be my protection.

At the Consecration.

O my Jesus, I adore Thee and love Thee and give thanks to Thee. Thou art hidden in that Sacred Host which has been lifted up before us ; Thou art hidden in these Sacred Accidents of Wine that have been lifted in the Chalice. In both Thou art the Same ; in both Thou art our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God. Thy Sacred Heart is beating within the Blessed Sacrament, as it lies on the Corporal. That same Sacred Heart is beating in the Chalice, where Thou art hidden under the Appearance of Wine. All Thy love is flowing

from It, and Thy Precious Blood is flowing through It into Thy Divine veins. Jesus, God and Man, Thou art here : and here Thy Throne, like jasper and sapphire, with its emerald Rainbow, is set up in the Blessed Sacrament. Of this Thine Altar-Throne, as of Thy Throne in Heaven, Thy beloved Disciple says : “ He showed me a River of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the Throne of God and of the Lamb.” From Thy Sacred Heart, O sweetest and most loving Jesus, the river of Thy love is flowing onward to me ; it is flowing from the Blessed Sacrament on this Altar ; that is, from the Throne of God, and of Thee, the Lamb.

I adore and love Thee, Jesus, in this Holy Sacrifice. “ I saw, and, behold, in the midst of the Throne, and of the four Living Creatures, and in the midst of the Ancients, a Lamb standing as it were slain.” I adore and love Thee, Jesus, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Jesus, Incarnate Word, dwelling in the

Blessed Sacrament, I come before Thee with the four Living Creatures and the twenty-four Ancients. They are round me with their harps and their vials full of odours, fragrant with myrrh and stacte and cassia. With them I adore Thy Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, and with them I say, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book and to open the seals thereof, because Thou wast slain." I hear the voices of the thousands of thousands of Angels round Thy Throne in Heaven and on this Altar, O sweetest Jesus. I hear the voices of the Living Creatures and the Ancients. With them I adore Thy Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, and say, "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and benediction." I hear the voices of all creatures in Heaven and on the earth and under the earth and in the sea: I unite my voice with theirs, and say with them, "To Him that sitteth on the Throne and

to the Lamb, benediction and honour and power for ever and ever."

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, once crucified for me, let me enter into Thy chambers and shut Thy doors upon me, and hide myself in Thee, till the terrible indignation pass away.

The Commemoration of the Dead.

The love of Thy Sacred Heart, Divine Spouse, lights up the gloomy Palaces, where the Holy Souls, Thy Brides, are detained. They are united to Thee, and never can fall from Thee, and yet they enter not Thy Holy Temple. In the piercing fire they are paying the debt they owe to Thy Divine Justice. Jesus, help these suffering Souls ; give them rest and refreshment, and shorten the time of their banishment from Thee. I now pray especially for

At the Nobis quoque.

Jesus, by Thy Sacred Heart and by Thy Precious Blood, lift us from our sorrow and darkness to the light and joy of the City of God. That Holy City, the New Jerusalem, lies outspread in the sunshine of Thy love, and Thy Blessed Ones dwell in it, and see Thy Face, and have Thy Father's Name on their foreheads. On them rests the glory of an Eternal Day. Though there is no night in that Heavenly City, yet there the sun shineth not, and the moon is never seen ; for the Lord God enlightens it, and Thou, the Lamb, art the lamp thereof. This City of Thine, dearest Lord, is of pure Gold like clear glass. Its very Foundations are of precious Stones, and the twelve gates are twelve Pearls, one to each. Eye hath never seen its beauty, and ear hath never heard the melody of its songs : no thought even of its blessedness hath ever entered into the heart of man. It is the Home of those that love Thee ;

of those who have overcome the world by Thy testimony; of those who have been crowned by Thee; of those who lie always on Thy Heart. Its walls, great and high, are before me, and by faith I can see the Twelve Angels standing in the Twelve Gates. I can read there the names of the Twelve Tribes of the Children of Israel; and on the Twelve Foundations of the walls of the City I can see the names of Thy Twelve Apostles. Then the vision of all this blessedness draws me to Thee, O Lord, and the brightness of the Crystal River flowing from Thy Throne blinds me to the things of earth. With Thee Thy servants reign for ever and ever. Thou, the Lamb, in Thy Sacred Humanity, art the Light of the City: "The Throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and His Servants shall serve Him and shall see His Face." As Thou art there, so Thou art here in the Blessed Sacrament. Thy love is waiting for us; and, though there is neither speech nor language, yet Thy sweet

Voice is heard among us, and more than all things else Thy Sacred Heart declares the glory of God, and shows His handiwork. Jesus, let me come to Thee.

“The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And let every one, that will, take freely of the water of life.” Jesus, let me come to Thee.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be to us as rivers of water,—as the pure River, clear as crystal, flowing ever through this barren land. Jesus, let me come to Thee.

At the Pater noster.

Jesus, lover of Thy Father and our Father, of Thy God and our God; again I listen to Thy Words: “He that shall overcome shall be clothed in white garments, and I will not blot out his name from the Book of Life, and I will confess his name before My Father and His Angels.” “Behold I come quickly: hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take

thy crown. He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the Temple of My God, and he shall go out no more. And I will write upon him the Name of My God and the Name of the City of My God, the New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of Heaven from My God, and I will write on him My new Name." "Such as I love I rebuke and chastise; be zealous therefore, and do penance. Behold, I stand at the gate and knock. If any man shall hear My Voice, and open to Me the door, I will come into him, and sup with him and he with Me. To him that shall overcome I will give to sit with Me on My Throne, as also I have overcome, and am set down with My Father on His Throne."

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I am poor and needy and in distress; be to me a refuge from the whirlwind, and a shadow from the heat.

At the Agnus Dei.

Jesus, thou art unceasingly offered to God for sinners in this Holy Sacrifice of

the Mass : have mercy on us always, and take away our sins. O dearest Saviour, my heart in the midst of my body is like melting wax, and my sins have taken such hold upon me that I cannot look up ; yet, dear Lord, I desire to come to Thee and to be united to Thee for ever. I love and adore Thy Sacred Heart, O Lamb of God. O, let me kneel at Thy Feet, and look up in Thy Face, and see Thy beauty.

O Lamb of God, give me rest, give me peace, and bring me at last from this darkness to the Vision of God.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be to me a covert from the whirlwind and rain,

At the Communion.

Now, dearest Lord, Thou givest Thyself to me ; now Thou dost unite me perfectly to Thyself. When I receive Thee in the Blessed Sacrament, Thy Sacred Heart is beating within me, and floods of Thy Divine Grace are poured into my soul. Let

me try, loving Saviour, to think of Thee as Thou comest to me, making both my body and soul Thy Temple. Thy beloved Disciple has told us how Thou didst appear to him in Heaven, and thus Thou art within us in the Blessed Sacrament. I saw, "in the midst of the seven golden Candlesticks, One like to the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to His Feet, and girt about the Breast with a golden girdle. His Head and His Hair were white as wool and as snow, and His Eyes were as a flame of fire, and His Feet were like unto fine brass as in a burning furnace, and His Voice was as the sound of many waters. He had in His Hand seven Stars; from His Mouth came out a sharp two-edged sword; and His Face was as the sun shineth in his power."

Thus, my Jesus, Thou art present in the Sacrifice of the Mass, and thus in Communion Thou descendest into my heart. I bless and praise Thee for all Thy love, and I adore Thy Sacred Human Heart. Jesus,

most loving, unite me to Thyself, and keep me on Thy Heart for ever.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be to me a shelter from the wind and storm.

At the Collects.

Lift up a sign, O God, to the nations of the earth, that they may come to Thee from far. Let not Thy Hand be still stretched out, but let Thine anger be turned away. Look upon the world in the light of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and for His sake spare all those who have sinned against Thee. Let us not perish with famine, nor be dried up with thirst. Thou the Lord of hosts shalt be exalted in judgment, and Thou the Holy God shalt be sanctified in justice, on Mount Sion.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, again I offer my prayers to Thee, as I have offered them through this Mass.

O Sacred Heart, be to me a cloud by day, and the brightness of a flaming fire

by night. Thy glory is my protection. In Thee I find a Tabernacle for a shade in the day-time from the heat, and a place of refuge, and a covert from the whirlwind and rain.

O loving Jesus, hide me always from the wind and storm. Be to me as a full River in this parched-up wilderness, and as the shadow of a great Rock in this desert land.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, let Thy brightness, like that of the noonday, shine on us in the evening; and do Thou rise on us as the Day-star, when we think ourselves consumed.

At the Last Gospel.

“When He was set down His Disciples came unto Him. And opening His Mouth He taught them, saying :

“Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

“Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land.

“Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted.

“Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice ; for they shall have their fill.

“Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy.

“Blessed are the clean of heart ; for they shall see God.

“Blessed are the peace-makers ; for they shall be called the children of God.

“Blessed are they that suffer persecution for the sake of justice ; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

“Blessed are ye, when they shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake : be glad and rejoice ; for your reward is very great in Heaven.”

Jesus, Divine Master, may we always listen to Thy Voice and inherit Thy blessings. Thy promise is sure, and Thy glory shall be revealed. On the Mount of the Lord it hath been spoken ; on the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

“Thou shalt also forget misery ; and remember it only as the waters that are passed away.” “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and death shall be no more, nor mourning nor crying nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away.” “There shall be no curse any more ; but the Throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him. And they shall see His Face, and His Name shall be on their foreheads.”

O Divine Heart of Jesus, once suffering, now glorified, the shadow of a great rest falls on me from the Heavenly Paradise, and the majesty of a great love lifts me from this storm and darkness to the tranquillity and light of the Eternal Home, in the City of Saints and Angels, in the City and Temple of God.



VI.

A MASS OF LOVE,

IN HONOUR OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

At the Asperges.

“ARISE, O North wind ; and come, O South wind ; blow through my Garden, and let the aromatical Spices thereof flow.”

Jesus, Divine Bridegroom of my soul, I adore Thee in the Blessed Sacrament, and in this Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Here are Spikenard and Saffron ; here are sweet Cane and Cinnamon ; here also are the Trees of Libanus, with Myrrh and Aloes and all the sweetest Perfumes. This is the Fountain of Gardens, this is the

Well of living waters. I see the bright Rivers, full and deep, running with a strong stream from Libanus.

O Jesus, my Love, let me ever dwell with Thee, amidst the young Roes that feed amongst the Lilies.

At the Judica.

“Show me, O Thou Whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou liest in the mid-day.” By the brooks of water I seek for Thee, my Spouse, and in the sunshine mine eyes desire Thee: the darkness cannot hide Thee from me, and through the storm I can see Thy Face. I can find Thee always in the tents of the shepherds; in the unity of Thy Catholic and Roman Church. “Show me, O Thou Whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou liest in the mid-day.”

O Heavenly Lover, I adore Thee hidden in the Blessed Sacrament. I love Thee as Thou lookest upon me from the clefts

of the Rock and the hollow places of the Wall.

At the Confiteor.

Thou, dear Lord, art the Flower of the field and the Lily of the valley. Thou art fair, O my Love, Thou art fair; Thou art fair, my Beloved, and beautiful. Love and sweetness, light and fragrance, strength and majesty and wisdom, fall from Thee as Thou goest, as Thou walkest in Thy Garden in the midst of Thy Lilies. But I am black, disfigured by sin, oftentimes burnt up with evil desires, separated oftentimes from Thee. Still in Thy sight, when I leave my sins, I am beautiful, because Thou hast redeemed me, given me grace, and sanctified me. I desire always to come to Thee, but I cannot do so by myself. Without Thee, Thou Bridegroom of my soul, I can do nothing; but with Thee I can do all that Thou commandest. Thy raiment has a sweet smell of the best Ointments; "Thy Name is as Oil poured

forth, therefore the young Maidens love Thee." Draw me, dearest Jesus, by Thy constraining love, then I will follow Thee. "Draw me ; we will run after Thee in the odour of Thy Ointments."

Divine Spouse, all my heart turns to Thee, as flowers turn to the sun. "Show me Thy Face, let Thy Voice sound in mine ears."

At the Introit.

"Let my Beloved come into His Garden, and eat the fruit of His Apple-trees." "Come from Libanus, my Spouse ; come, and Thou shalt be crowned ; come from the top of Amana, from the top of Sanir and Hermon." As Thou once didst come to Bethlehem, so now come to Thine Altar. My Spouse, Thou hast many crowns. "I arose to open to my Beloved ; my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers were full of the choicest myrrh." Jesus, my Spouse, Thou didst come into the world in Thy pure and glorious Birth. Thou

didst come into the world in Thy more glorious Resurrection. Tens and hundreds of thousands of times Thou hast come to us by Thy Divine Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. Soon Thou wilt come again to us in this very Mass at which I am assisting. Most loving Bridegroom of my soul, keep me with Thee always, and let me always see Thy Face in the brightness of Thy Coming. My Beloved, come into Thy Garden.

O Jesus, sweetest and dearest, my whole soul is fainting for Thee. Give me grace always to rise and open to Thee, my Beloved. "I sleep, but my heart watcheth." "Open to Me, My sister, My love, My dove, My undefiled; My Head is full of Dew, and my Locks of the drops of the Night."

At the Kyrie.

"The Keepers that go about the city found me; they struck me and wounded me; the Keepers of the Walls took my

Veil from me." "My vineyard I have not kept." Jesus, my Love, I have forgotten Thee, and I have often been wounded by sin. Thou hast made a choice vineyard in my soul, and hast planted fruitful grapes in it; Thou hast digged it and fenced it and watered it; but, O my Love, I have not kept that vineyard. I come to Thee, because of my great sinfulness and Thy great love, asking Thee for mercy. Take compassion on me, dear Lord, in Thy great pity, and have mercy upon me, and cleanse me from my sin. I long for Thy love, but I long also for Thy pity. Thy pity is only less sweet to me than Thy love. Drive away the Winter, and make the Flowers appear, and let me hear the voice of the Turtle in our land. Jesus, Divine Spouse, hidden in the Blessed Sacrament, have mercy upon me. "Arise, my Love, my beautiful One, and come." "I will go up into the Palm-tree, and will take hold of the fruit thereof."

At the Gloria.

King and Bridegroom of all faithful souls, Thy Throne, with its silver Pillars and Seat of gold, is set up in majesty and light and strength and beauty in the Blessed Sacrament. High upon the throne of Thy glory in Heaven Thou wearest Thy Crown ; and there, O loving Bridegroom, Thou reignest at the right Hand of Thy Father over the white-robed myriads of Thy Redeemed. High upon the Throne of Thy glory in the Blessed Sacrament Thou wearest Thy Crown ; and here also, Thou loving Bridegroom, Thou reignest at God's right Hand in the same Kingdom, for Thou art One, and Thy Kingdom is one. Once Thou didst suffer and die for us, but now Thou canst die no more and suffer no more. Thou didst die that Thou mightest win Thy Bride from the hands of the oppressor. Once Thou wast offered with blood, in piercing Agony, on Thy Cross ; but now without blood and with-

out pain Thou art offered on Thine Altar by the hands of Thy Priest. I love and adore Thee, Jesus, my loving Spouse. Let me live in the sunshine of Thy beauty and in the sound of Thy loving Voice. Jesus, "Thy Lips are as a scarlet lace, and Thy speech is sweet ;". sweeter, sweeter far, than the Honeycomb with the Honey. Anthems of praise unceasing, songs of love and triumph, hymns of ravishing melody, sweet and majestic, rise up before Thee, faithful loving Spouse, as Thy Bride, decked with her jewels, lieth on Thy Heart. Saints and Angels in the gleaming of the Day are casting down their crowns before Thee in the Heavenly Palaces, through which the bright life-giving River ever floweth,—that River of living waters which runs with a strong stream from Libanus. Saints and Angels in the gleaming of the same Day, at this moment as I worship Thee with them, as I love Thee with them, are now casting down their crowns before Thee, as Thou

dweldest in hidden love and majesty in this Tabernacle. Here also Thy Lilies are round Thee, and all the Trees of Libanus. O light-crowned Bridegroom, my own Beloved, far dearer than all others, chosen out of thousands, Thine unspeakable love is flowing over me from this Tabernacle in which Thou art. I can feel it as it thrills through me with a very ecstasy of rapture. The South wind is blowing through my garden. My heart is moved by Thy touch, and my soul melts when Thou art speaking. Thy beauty and Thy sweetness make me faint in a breathless joy. Thou ever comest to me in a love for which I have no words. In the midst of Saints and Angels Thou art walking on Libanus, in the Garden of Lilies and aromatical Spices. Thou art dwelling in the midst of Thy Brides on the Hill of Frankincense, in the Paradise of Pomegranates, in the Paradise of God.

Ye elect Saints and Angels, who see the Face of my Beloved, tell Him, though He

knows it, how I am seeking for Him : tell Him, though He knows it, how I am fainting with love.

O Jesus, what words are these : " My Beloved is mine, and I am His." " I am my Beloved's, and My Beloved is mine." Thou, dearest Lord, art my Beloved.

At the Collects.

Eternal Father, Who lovest with a great love the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, give me every day a greater love for the Blessed Sacrament. Give me also a greater reverence for this holy Mystery of our Lord's Divine Presence, and a greater love for Mass. And grant that I may become in Thy House as one finding peace.

Jesus, Thou art hidden in Thy Tabernacle, in the clefts of the Rock, in the hollow places of the Wall ; let Thy sweet Voice, dear Lord, sound in my ears. Soon, by the words of Consecration, Thou wilt be on Thine Altar in that Sacred Host in

which Thou wast not before. Thou art my Beloved, and Thy coming in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is always to me the breaking of the day. I wait for Thee in this darkness, till the day break, and the shadows go away. Return, Jesus, my Spouse, and dwell upon these Mountains of Bether. Arise, Jesus, my Love, my Beautiful One, and come.

At the Epistle.

My Divine Spouse, I cannot love Thee as I ought. I desire to give Thee my love pure and undivided, and then I lose myself amongst creatures, and have nothing left to offer Thee. Foolishly and blindly I wander from Thee, my Love. But Thy Church loves Thee perfectly, and I unite my imperfect and worthless love to the perfect love of the Church, Thy Bride. Thou art with us always in the most Holy Sacrament. My heart ought to be on fire with love for Thee; but it is cold and

dead. Even now I am ashamed to appear before Thee as I am. My soul is dim in the twilight of its love, and my eyes ought to be dim with tears. But I am not grieved as I ought to be for my want of love, nor do I love Thee as Thou deservest, nor have I a right sorrow for my sins. Assist me, dearest Lord, by Thy Divine grace. "Come, my Love, let us go forth into the Field ; let us abide in the Villages."

At the Munda cor meum.

Jesus, most loving Spouse, pure and bright and beautiful, dwell amongst Lilies in my heart. Take away the hard sharp thorns, and let the Flowers appear. "Catch us the little foxes, that destroy the Vines." Divine Bridegroom, let Thy love enlighten and cleanse our hearts. Thou art the True Vine, and Thy Father is the Husbandman. "My hands dropped Myrrh, and my fingers were full of the choicest Myrrh."

At the Gospel.

“My Beloved is white and ruddy, chosen out of thousands.” Thou art beautiful, Jesus, Divine Bridegroom of my soul, in the Gospel of Thy salvation. Thy Feet are bright in the morning dew on the mountains. I cannot describe Thy beauty, for I cannot think of it. I seek for Thee sometimes in hours of darkness, and do not find Thee. But I will trust in Thee, and will not be faint-hearted in my search. “On my bed by night I sought Him Whom my soul loveth : I sought Him, and found Him not. I will rise and will go about the City : in the streets and in the broad ways I will seek Him Whom my soul loveth : I sought Him, and I found Him not. The watchmen who keep the City found me : Have you seen Him Whom my soul loveth ? When I had a little passed by them, I found Him Whom my soul loveth : I held Him, and I will not let Him go, till I bring Him into my

mother's House." O Jesus, my one only Love, I will always seek for Thee till I find Thee. But I cannot find Thee unless Thou showest Thyself to me.

Divine Saviour, may I always love and reverence Thy Gospels, for they tell me of Thee. "The Fig-tree hath put forth her green figs: the Vines in flower yield their sweet smell."

At the Credo.

Very glorious art Thou, Divine Bridegroom, in the Faith which Thou hast revealed. Unbeliefs, doubts, and darkness, are round us, but in Thy Roman Church Thou hidest us from the strife of tongues. In Thy Church all is harmony and order and peace; but out of Thy Church there is nothing but confusion and sorrow and perplexities, "the sea and the waves roaring." With Thee we find far more than we know how to desire: for Thou, to Whom none can be compared, dost satisfy us with Thyself. "As the Apple-tree among the

trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow Whom I desired ; and His fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me into the Cellar of Wine ; He set in order charity in me." For this, dear Lord, I love Thee and thank Thee. Thou art good and true ; and, though Heaven and earth be destroyed, not one of Thy words can pass away. Though Thou shouldest slay me, yet I will trust in Thee. Because Thou hast said it, we know that Thou art here in the Blessed Sacrament : and we know also that Thou art about to offer Thyself to God by the hands of Thy Priest in this holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the glorious Sacrifice of the Altar and the Throne.

Thy Church, guided by Thy Holy Spirit, always teaches us the truth, and always keeps Thy Faith. In strength and brightness she dwells among the nations. Thou hast and canst have but one true Church. The Church of Rome is Thy Church and Bride. Always, in the world and amongst

unbelievers, she “comes forth as the Morning-rising, fair as the Moon, bright as the Sun, terrible as an Army set in array.” Glory be to Thee, Thou Son of God.

At the Offertory.

“Thy Lips, my Spouse, are as a dropping Honeycomb ; Honey and Milk are under Thy tongue ; and the smell of Thy garments is as the smell of Frankincense.” Thou givest us all things, Divine Lover of souls ; Thou givest us Thyself. Give us grace always to offer our souls and bodies as a living sacrifice to Thee. May we be always whole burnt-offerings on the Altar in the Courts of Thy Temple. Jesus, with a great love Thy Brides, in their white raiment and golden girdles, are ever loving Thee. May I, unworthy as I am, be numbered amongst them. “Thy lips, my Spouse, are as a dropping Honeycomb.”

At the Lavabo.

“Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it. If a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he will despise it as nothing.” I know, my Saviour, that streams of blood could not quench the great charity of Thy Sacred Heart in its agony on the Cross. And I know also that streams of ingratitude and blasphemy cannot quench Thy love and compassion and long-suffering. How gentle and loving art Thou with those who have been unfaithful to Thee! May we ever give Thee the love for which Thou seekest. “Thou that dwellest in the Gardens, the Friends hearken; make me hear Thy Voice.” I cannot tell the sweetness of that Voice.

O Jesus, my only Love, I am fainting for Thee.

At the Secret Prayers.

“While the King was at His repose, my Spikenard sent forth the odour thereof. A

bundle of Myrrh is my Beloved to me.” “A cluster of Cyprus my Love is to me, in the vineyards of Engaddi.” “The beams of our House are of Cedar, our rafters of Cypress trees.” Take me, my Beloved, to be with Thee in Thy Home, that Thy love may hide me from the world. I desire always to lie in my only rest on Thy Heart, and to feel round me the shelter of Thy Arms. My Heavenly Lover, let Thy left Hand be under my head, and let Thy right Hand embrace me. Jesus, let me be ever with Thee : let me ever live with Thee in our dear Home. For me there can be only one Home. “The beams of our House are of Cedar, our rafters of Cypress trees.”

At the Preface.

The great King has made a Marriage-Feast for His Son, and the guests are invited to His Wedding. In the Eternal Day, Jesus, the Lover of souls, is ever reigning in the midst of His Elect. He is

always singing a song of Divine love over Mary His sinless Spouse, and over all His redeemed Brides, whom with Blood He purchased from the earth. In the Heavenly Kingdom His Sister-Spouses are clothed in white, and wear golden crowns. The King "hath made for Himself a litter of the wood of Libanus : the Pillars thereof He made of silver, the Seat of gold, the going-up of purple : the midst He covered with charity for the Daughters of Jerusalem." The Throne of this great King is also in the Blessed Sacrament. Saints and Angels adore Him hidden beneath the Sacred Accidents, whom face to face they adore upon His Throne in Heaven. On the Altar and in the Tabernacle He is the light and joy and love of the great world of the Redeemed, the Kingdom of the Elect. "Go forth, ye Daughters of Sion, and see King Solomon in the diadem wherewith His Mother crowned Him, in the day of His Espousals and in the day of the joy of His Heart." O Daughters of

Jerusalem, elect Saints and Angels, ye see the Face of my Beloved in the City of the King: ye behold Jesus my Spouse with His many crowns, in the joy of His Heart, in His ceaseless Espousals, in the Marriage-Supper which God hath prepared. By faith we behold the same Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. There on the Altar He is crowned with many diadems, and there He espouses His Brides to Himself. O elect Saints and Angels, with you we adore and love Jesus, our Spouse, in the Blessed Sacrament, that we may have a share in the joy of His Heart and His eternal Espousals, in the Home of the Blessed, in the City of the King.

At the Canon.

“Let my Beloved come into His Garden and eat the fruit of His Apple-trees.”
 “Stay me up with Flowers; compass me about with Apples; because I languish with love.” Jesus, dearest Love, the Church is

Thy Garden of Lilies and Spices. Though Thou art ever with her, yet Thou ever comest to her in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Thou art our sun, and the joy of our lives. Without Thee the world is dark and desolate. O Jesus, Divine Love, Thou art coming to us, and we are waiting for Thee. In the night-watches our souls are listening for the sound of Thy Feet. We rise up to open to Thee, our Beloved, while our hands and our fingers are dropping with Myrrh. And now in this dark night Thou art coming to us. Soon the time of Consecration will be here. Though the darkness of the night lies upon me, yet I wait for Thee. "I sleep, and my heart watcheth." Thou art standing outside the door, and I hear Thy Voice, the Voice of my Beloved knocking. My Jesus, what are Thy words? In all the glory of Thy Godhead, and in all the beauty of Thy Sacred Humanity, Thou art coming to us now in this Holy Sacrifice. My Jesus, what are Thy words? "Open to me, My

sister, My love, My dove, My undefiled ;
for My Head is full of Dew, and My Locks
of the drops of the Night."

Jesus, loving Bridegroom, most chosen
Spouse, my heart is stirred within me and
melts at Thy Coming.

"Arise, O North wind, and come, O
South wind ; blow through my Garden, and
let the aromatical Spices thereof flow."

Jesus, my Beloved, my only Love, come
into Thy Garden.

Commemoration of the Living.

Jesus, Divine Spouse, ever present in
the Blessed Sacrament, Thy delight is to
be with the children of men, and Thy
mercy is over all Thy works. Thy Sacred
Heart in the Tabernacle is ever beating
with a great love for us, Thy poor suffer-
ing children. By Thy love, dear Lord,
remember us now that Thou art in Thy
Kingdom. I pray for

At the Hanc igitur.

My Divine Bridegroom, I am seeking for Thee, Whom my soul loveth; and now Thou art coming. Breathlessly I have been waiting for Thee, and now the sound of Thy Feet is music in my ears. Sweet and thrilling is the shadow of Thy Presence. Arise, make haste, Jesus, my Love, my Beautiful One, and come. "The Voice of my Beloved: behold, He cometh leaping upon the Mountains, hastening over the Hills." Glorious, majestic, full of grace was Thy way, my Beloved, from the Bosom of Thine Eternal Father to the Immaculate Heart of Thy Virgin-Mother; from that sweet sinless Heart to the Manger—from the Manger to the Cross—from the Cross back again to the arms of Mary—from the arms of Mary to Thy Sepulchre—from Thy Sepulchre to Olivet—from Olivet to Thy Throne. Glorious, majestic, full of grace, is Thy way from Thy Throne at the right Hand of God to Thy Throne in the Blessed

Sacrament. "Come, Lord Jesus." "Arise, my Love, my Beautiful One, and come."

At the Consecration.

"Show me, O Thou Whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest,—where Thou liest in the mid-day."

Jesus, my Love, Thou hast come. The words of Consecration have been spoken : and Thou art here. I love Thee and I adore Thee, Thou Lover of my soul, in Thy Garden amongst the Lilies. O Spouse most beautiful, I adore Thee and I love Thee present here on this Altar in this Holy Sacrifice.

I hear Thy Voice ringing in my heart : "I am come into My Garden, O My sister, My Spouse : I have gathered My Myrrh with My aromatical Spices : I have eaten the Honeycomb with My Honey : I have drunk My Wine with My Milk." Thus I hear Thee speaking, Jesus, my Love, though I cannot see Thee. But though I cannot

see Thee, Thou seest me with Thy Divine Human Eyes, looking on me from the Blessed Sacrament. "Behold, He standeth behind our Wall, looking through the Windows, looking through the Lattices." O, how strong and how tender is Thy love, Thou Bridegroom of my soul! O, how majestic and how sweet Thou art! The Sacred Accidents hide Thee from my sight; but Thou art here. It is enough for me to know that Thou art here, for Thou art my only Love, and my heart turneth only to Thee. "My Beloved is mine, and I am His, Who feedeth amongst the Lilies." Thy Presence is my joy, and Thy love is my life: my heart turneth only to Thee. My heart is *now* turning to Thee; is fainting for Thee. "Show me Thy Face; let Thy Voice sound in my ears; for Thy Voice is sweet, and Thy Face is beautiful." The glory and the beauty of Thy Face make me faint. Jesus, my Love, sweetest and dearest, I am fainting for Thee.

Jesus, my Spouse, let me adore Thee

with all my soul. Here in the Blessed Sacrament Thou art white and ruddy ; God and Man, once suffering, now glorified. Thou art fairer than the children of men, all-lovely, chosen out of thousands. Thy Head is as the finest Gold, and Thy Locks as the branches of Palm-trees. Thine Eyes are as Doves upon Brooks of waters, washed with Milk, sitting by the plentiful Streams. Thy Cheeks are as beds of aromatic Spices, and Thy Lips are as Lilies dropping choice Myrrh. Thy Hands are like Gold, full of Hyacinths, and Thy form is like Libanus, excellent as the Cedars. Thus Jesus, my Love, Thou art ever with us on Thine Altar. Thou art in the clefts of the Rock and the hollow places of the Wall. "Show me Thy Face ; let Thy Voice sound in my ears ;" for Thy Face is most beautiful, and Thy Voice is most sweet. "Such is my Beloved, and He is my friend, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem." Now do I know, O Thou Whom my soul loveth, where Thou liest in the mid-day.

Round me, my Love, there is a song in the Vineyard of pure Wine.

Jesus, my Love, sweetest and dearest, let me too sing to Thee, my Beloved, a song of love : "Winter is now past ; the Rain is over and gone ; the Flowers have appeared in our land ; the time of pruning is come ; the voice of the Turtle is heard in our land ; the Fig-tree hath put forth her green figs ; the Vines in flower yield their sweet smell." "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine."

Jesus, I hear Thee saying, "I am the true Vine : " "I am the Flower of the field, and the Lily of the valley." Jesus, loving Saviour, "my soul hath desired Thee in the night, and with my spirit early in the morning do I watch for Thee."

The Commemoration of the Dead.

The Souls beneath the Altar cry out, "How long, O Lord, holy and true?"

“And white robes were given to them, to every one of them, one; and it was said to them, that they should rest yet for a little time.” Jesus, help Thy Brides, the holy suffering Souls in Purgatory. Thy love reaches from the Blessed Sacrament to Purgatory, and gives rest to the Holy Souls. I pray especially for. . .

At the Nobis quoque.

The Home, dear Lord, which Thou hast prepared for Thy Bride is waiting for us, though we have been so defiled by sin. It is a joy to us to think that there is one sinless Bride, crowned in love and glory, lying on Thy Heart in Thy Kingdom. There Thy Blessed Ones eat with Thee, and drink the new Wine with Thee in the Kingdom of Thy Father. “Let us get up early to the Vineyards; let us see if the Vineyard flourish, if the Flowers be ready to bring forth fruit, if the Pomegranates flourish.” “My Beloved is mine, and I am His.”

In the Home of Thy love, dear Lord;

Thine elect Brides are dwelling. They see Thee always, looking up in Thy dear Face as they lie on Thy Heart, encircled in Thy Divine Arms. My loving Spouse, Thou hast betrothed me to Thyself, and I keep myself only for Thee. "In our Gates are all Fruits: the new and the old, my Beloved, I have kept for Thee." I desire to be Thine and only Thine. I desire to give Thee all that I have, and to have nothing but Thy gifts. It is a pain and a grief to me to have anything that is given me by others. I desire to have no gifts, no graces, no presents, no ornaments, no apparel, save those that have been in Thy pierced Hand. O, my Love, and my Spouse, keep me for Thyself. Jesus, say to me: "The new and the old, My beloved, I have kept for thee." Jesus, give me grace also to say in return: "The new and the old my Beloved, I have kept for Thee." O Jesus, my Love, I am fainting for Thee.

In the Home of Thy love, dear Lord, Thine elect Brides are dwelling. They see

Thee always, looking up in Thy dear Face, as they lie on Thy Heart, encircled in Thy Divine Arms. Thou art in our Home, dearest Love, and I am waiting for Thee outside in the cold and the dark. But I see the light shining from the Lattices, and I know that Thou art there. A thousand miles would seem but a little journey to me, if so I could but see Thy shadow for a moment, and then go away again and wait for Thee in my loneliness and sorrow. Thou, dearest Love, art within, in the tranquil blessedness of our Home ; but I am outside in the night-wind, in the storm and the darkness. Yet Thou art with me even here, and my eyes and heart are turned towards Thee, and I am waiting for the day of Thine appearing. "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine."

O Jesus, Divine Bridegroom, bring me to the Home that Thou art preparing for me. "Arise, make haste, my Love, my Beautiful One, and come." "Come, my Beloved." "My Beloved is mine, and I am

His, Who feedeth amongst the Lilies, till the day break and the shadows flee away. Return, my Beloved ; be like a Roe or a young Hart, on the Mountains of Bether."

At the Pater noster.

Thou art here, my Saviour, and in Thee Thy Father is well pleased. Thou art the First-Born among many brethren. Thou art our Elder Brother, and by Thee we draw near to God. "Who shall give Thee to me for my Brother?" Our Father hath given Thee to us, and Thou art here, before us, on this Altar. "My Beloved is gone down into His Garden to the beds of aromatical Spices, to feed in His Garden and to gather Lilies. I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine, Who feedeth amongst the Lilies. Thou art beautiful, O my Love, sweet and comely as Jerusalem ; terrible as an Army set in array."

At the Agnus Dei.

"A cluster of Cyprus my Love is to me,

in the Vineyards of Engaddi." "I adjure you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell Him I languish with love." "What manner of one is thy Beloved of the beloved, O thou most beautiful among women? What manner of one is thy Beloved of the beloved, that thou hast so adjured us?" My Beloved is white and ruddy, for He is God and Man. He is white and ruddy, because of His Glory and the marks of His bitter Passion.

My Divine Spouse, Thou art indeed white and ruddy; white with the glory of Thy Godhead, and ruddy with the Blood of Thy Passion. Thou didst deliver Thyself to death for me, and to me Thou art all in all. Thou art the Lamb of God; Thou takest away the sins of the world. O Heavenly Lover, Thou didst espouse me to Thyself on Thy Cross, amidst the Mandrakes and Pomegranates. Then all Fruits were in the Gates of our Home. I am with Thee, my Love, in the Vine-

yard of this Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Vineyard is flourishing: and I am with Thee amidst the Fruits of the valleys in Thy Roman Church, while the Pomegranates are budding, and the Mandrakes give a sweet smell. Now as ever, Divine Spouse, Thou art the Lamb of God; now as ever Thou takest away the sins of the world.

At the Communion.

My heart is faint with love and joy in these Heavenly Espousals. I hear the footsteps of my Beloved, and my soul is moved at His Coming. The fragrance of His garments is as Spikenard and Saffron; as sweet Cane and Cinnamon; as Myrrh and Aloes, with all the chief Perfumes and all the Trees of Libanus.

“Let my Beloved come into His Garden, and eat the Fruit of His Apple-trees.” O Jesus, listen to the voice of Thy Bride, and come. Dear Lord, I cannot desire to have Thee with me so much as Thou de-

sirest to come. My love and my desire are as nothing when compared with Thine. "I sat down beneath His shadow Whom I desired, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." "I sleep, and my heart watcheth ; the Voice of my Beloved knocking." My Divine Spouse, let me listen to Thy sweet thrilling words. My heart is full of love, and mine eyes are dim with tears, at the very sound of Thy loving Voice : "I am come into My Garden, O My sister, My spouse." My heart is faint with love and joy in these Heavenly Espousals, Divine King and Spouse, as Thou holdest my hand before the Altar. I adore Thee, Jesus, my Love, hidden in the Blessed Sacrament. Jesus, Thy love thrills through me, and Thy beauty makes me faint. O Divine Spouse and King, kiss me with the Kisses of Thy Mouth, and make me Thine Own Bride for ever. "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine."

At the Collects.

“Thou that dwellest in the Gardens, the Friends hearken : make me hear Thy Voice.” My Divine Spouse, I am fainting for Thee : let me be always a seal on Thine Arm, and a seal on Thy Heart. Now I am in the darkness and sorrow of separation from Thee, but I wait for the time when I shall come to Thee, and go away no more. The thought even of the blessedness of that time is almost more than I can bear. I live only in the thought of Thy love. It is very sweet to love Thee, O Heavenly Spouse; but it is far sweeter to be loved by Thee. I can have no joy so great as to give Thee everything I have ; to love Thee and serve Thee, and minister to Thee in all things. Give me Thy Cup of spiced Wine, and the New Wine of Thy Pomegranates. Let Thy left Hand be under my head, and let Thy right Hand embrace me. Jesus, I desire to live with Thee, and I desire to die with Thee. Let

me die in Thine Arms, looking up into Thy sweet loving Face. "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

At the last Gospel.

Above me gleams the City of the Loved, the City of the Bride. I see One like the Son of Man, white-robed, golden-girdled, walking amongst the Lilies. A track of burning light is cast across the dark waters from the Watch-fires on the jasper Towers. I feel about me the fragrance of the Paradise of God. Round the pillars of the eternal Temple rises and falls the melody of the New Song, in its plaintiveness and its grandeur, in its sweetness and its strength. Light and fragrance, and melody are poured on me from the Tabernacle, for Jesus is there in the Blessed Sacrament as in His Heavenly City. Within the Veil is Jesus, the Lover of my soul. He has gone to prepare our Home; and I am left in the storm and the darkness to wait for His

Appearing. Slowly and wearily the hours go by, for He is absent ; and every minute seems like a year, because the Bridegroom is taken away. Slowly and wearily, like the dropping of water, the long hours go by. Slowly and wearily, dark days and nights drag on with their load of pain and sorrow and loneliness and anguish of heart. Yet He has not left me altogether. "Behold my Beloved speaketh to me." I can have no rest and no joy till I see Him as He is in the day of the unveiling of His Face ; till I hear Him say, "Come to Me, My sister, My spouse, and stay with Me, and go away no more ;" till the light and love of our Home are for ever round us ; till I am His for ever, and He for ever is mine ; till in the ceaseless Espousals I lie for ever, as His Bride, on His Heart. "Come, Lord Jesus." "Arise, my Love, my beautiful One, and come." "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."



VII.

A MASS OF GRACE,

IN HONOUR OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

At the Asperges.

JESUS, Thou dost sprinkle me with hysop, and dost wash me and make me whiter than snow. Thy Redeemed have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in Thy Blood. All are blessed who have washed their raiment, that they might have a right to the Tree of Life. They have entered by the gates into the City. And now the number of Thine Elect is being fulfilled. But how much more blessed is Mary, Thy sweet

Virgin-Mother, whom Thou didst preserve from sin. In her, dear Lord, I see the greatness of Thy Redemption, the great power of Thy Precious Blood, and the great love of Thy Sacred Heart.

Eternal Father, I offer this Mass to Thee in thanksgiving for all the gifts Thou hast given to our Blessed Lady. Especially I thank Thee for her Predestination.

Ye Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones, congratulate Mary, your Queen.

At the Judica.

Thy judgment, dear Lord, is terrible to us, for we are full of sin. We are frightened and appalled by the darkness of our hearts. But when Mary came into the judgment, the accuser had nothing against her. Thou in Thy love hadst kept her from the faintest stain of sin, and she had perfectly corresponded with Thy grace. Thy light, pure and strong, was always perfect in her, and never for one moment

did she leave Thy Tabernacles. She was all fair, sweet, and beautiful, the first and most chosen of Thy loves, and there was not a spot in her. As the lily amongst the thorns, so was Thy love amongst the daughters. Most beautiful and radiant and glorious was Mary, Thy Sister and Spouse, in the light of the morning and the evening, and in the brightness of the day. Now at the beginning of this Mass I thank Thee, Eternal Son, for Mary's freedom from sin.

St. Joseph, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Gabriel, congratulate our Lady, your love, on her Immaculate Conception.

At the Confiteor.

I have had to confess thousands of sins, dearest Lord, for I have been wayward and reckless, forgetting Thee, forgetting Thy love. I have been negligent and cold, and dark and forgetful, and so have grieved Thee, and caused pain to Thy Sacred

Heart. But with great joy I remember that Mary never had anything to confess. Most truly do I say again and again, "By my fault, by my most grievous fault:" but there was no fault of any kind in her. She was always sweet and graceful, patient and true and obedient, pure and loving, and in her Thou didst find Thy rest. When I am overwhelmed with shame in confessing my great sins, it is always a gladness to me to think that my star-crowned Mother went from glory to glory into the perfect Day.

I thank Thee, Eternal Spirit, for the sinlessness of Mary, Thy sweet Virgin-Bride.

O ye Holy Apostles of the Lamb, whose twelve Names are in the twelve Foundations of the Heavenly City, say to Mary that I bless and praise God for her purity and her love.

At the Introit.

"While all things were in quiet silence,

and the night was in the midst of her course, the Almighty Word leaped down from Heaven, from Thy royal Throne." In the deep midnight, dear Lord, Thou didst come to Mary, attracted by her sweetness and her beauty. Thou wast indeed glorious in the mystery of Thine Incarnation. Then Thou didst stand and measure the earth, and didst make a way for Thy horses in the sea. Then the Sun and Moon stood still in their habitation. The fulness of time was come, and God sent Thee forth, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem us from captivity and death.

Mary, thou Eastern Gate of the Temple, pray for me.

Now, dear Lord, as in a perpetual mystery of the Annunciation, Thou art coming to this Altar. I wish therefore now to bless and praise Thee for all that Thou didst for our Lady in that wonderful midnight at Nazareth.

"He brought me to the Gate that looked

towards the East. And, behold, the glory of the God of Israel came in by the way of the East. And His Voice was like the noise of many waters, and the earth shone with His majesty." "And the majesty of the Lord went into the Temple by the way of the Gate that looked to the East."

St. John the Baptist, congratulate Mary for me, on the joy that she felt when she said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it done to me according to Thy word."

At the Kyrie.

Dear Lord, have mercy upon me, and take away my sins. Without Thee and the gifts of Thy grace I can do nothing. But I can do all things, if Thou wilt strengthen me. Jesus, Thy Virgin-Mother is the channel of Thy grace, and it is Thy will that all graces should flow to us from her immaculate hands. On Thy Heart she is always interceding for us ; and with

great joy and love Thou listenest to her, and ever grantest her what she asks. O merciful Saviour, we need Thy help, as Thou knowest : by Thy great love for Mary, hear us, and answer our prayers.

I desire, dearest Lord, to hear this Mass in honour of our Lady, Thy Virgin-Mother and Sister and Spouse, that by her I may obtain great gifts of grace.

St. Paul, thank God for all the grace that He gave to Mary.

At the Gloria.

Glory be to the Eternal Father for having preserved Mary, His elect Daughter, from original sin.

Glory be to the Eternal Son for having preserved Mary, His elect Virgin-Mother, from original sin.

Glory be to the Eternal Spirit for having preserved Mary, His elect Bride, from original sin.

O ever-Blessed Trinity, I glorify Thee

and praise Thee for Mary, Thy most glorious, most perfect creature.

She came into the world, and the Angels saw her; and when they looked on her, they were astonished, gazing in love and wonder. She was clothed in the garments of her gladness, and her raiment was the raiment of salvation. She put sandals on her feet, and took her bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and lilies, and adorned herself with all her ornaments. And the Lord increased her loveliness, and added to her beauty. Never had there been in the world such a vision of grace and sweetness. Her footsteps were light and fragrance on the Hills of the morning, on the Mountains of Israel. Rejoice, O my Mother Mary, for the brightness of thy love and the beauty of thy crown. Rejoice for the gathering-in of the Harvest, and for the gleanings of the Vintage. Thou art the elect Daughter of the Eternal Father; for this I love thee, and for this I give thanks to Him. Thou art the elect Virgin-Mother

of the Incarnate Word ; for this I love thee, and for this I give thanks to Him. Thou art the elect Bride of the Holy Ghost ; for this I love thee, and for this I give thanks to Him. Heaven and earth are gladdened by thy presence. No creature in the Heavenly City has a throne so glorious as thine. Thou art the Queen of Confessors and Doctors and Virgins and Martyrs and Prophets and Apostles. Thy light irradiates their thrones, and thy love fills them with joy. Thou art the glory and the gladness of the Church on earth, the Consoler of the afflicted, the Help of Christians, and the Refuge of sinners. Thou ever bringest refreshment to the Holy Souls. From the dimness of their prison they look up to thee, as thou liest crowned upon the Sacred Heart. Then in thy great love thou dost turn to Jesus, and dost ask Him for His pity and His help. He giveth to thee all for which thou askest, and rejoices in the honour that is paid to thee by His Church. O

Mother Mary, dear star-crowned Mother, listen to thy children, and lift up for them those immaculate hands which once took the Crown of thorns from the Brows of the Dead Body of God. Rejoice, dear Mother, in the love of Jesus ; rejoice in His priceless gifts.

The light is shining on us from thy throne, and the Heavenly City is brighter for thy love. We unite ourselves to thee, that with thee we may adore God, our Creator : " Let us sing a hymn to the Lord ; let us sing a new hymn to our God. O Adonai, Lord, great art Thou, and glorious in Thy power."

Ye nine glorious Choirs of the Angels, congratulate our Lady on the sovereignty which Jesus has given her over the world of the Elect.

At the Collects.

Without the assistance of Thy grace, dear Lord, we can do nothing. We depend

upon Thee for all things, for our food and raiment, and for all Thy blessings that Thou givest us here. Most of all we depend upon Thee for Thy divine grace. We are helpless and poor and blind and naked and foolish without Thee. But with Thee we are rich and clothed and in our right mind. Blessed are they who thus sit at Thy Feet. Jesus, loving and merciful, give us all the grace that we need, and give us grace to correspond with all the grace that Thou givest.

Mary, dear Mother, ask Jesus to give me much grace. Ask Him to give me, by this Mass, all the graces for which I pray.

St. Mary Magdalen, congratulate our Lady on her perfect correspondence with grace.

At the Epistle.

“One Hebrew woman hath made confusion in the house of king Nabuchodonosor; for behold Holofernes lieth on the ground, and his head is not upon him.

Now when the chiefs of the armies of the Assyrians had heard this, they all rent their garments, and an intolerable fear and dread fell upon them, and their minds were troubled exceedingly. And there was a great cry in the midst of their camp."

"As the torrent that passeth swiftly in the valleys," so are the wicked swept away in the anger of God. "At the time when they shall be scattered they shall perish ; and after it groweth hot they shall be melted out of their place. The paths of their steps are entangled ; they shall walk in vain, and shall perish."

Ye holy and beautiful Virgin-Martyrs, thank God for our Lady's great victory over sin.

At the Munda cor meum.

Give me grace, dearest Jesus, by this Holy Sacrifice to keep my raiment always undefiled, and to walk here with Thee in innocence of heart : that hereafter I may

walk with Thee in white in Thy Heavenly City.

St. Catharine of Alexandria, pray for me.

St. Catharine of Genoa, pray for me.

St. Catharine of Bologna, pray for me.

St. Catharine of Sienna, pray for me.

St. Catharine of Ricci, pray for me.

Ye holy and beautiful Angels, thank God for the purity of Mary.

At the Gospel.

“How beautiful are thy steps in Shoes, O Prince’s Daughter!” Very sweet and beautiful thou wast, my Mother, as thou wentest quickly over the mountains of Juda to thy cousin St. Elizabeth. Then wast thou to St. John the Baptist, yet unborn, the channel of sanctifying grace. Jesus spoke with thy sweet lips, thou Virgin-Mother, and gave His graces with thy dear hands. In thy sinless purity, in thine ever-virgin love, thou wast the throne

of the Word Incarnate. He made thee and kept thee for Himself. He made thee beautiful, and adorned thee with His dearest and sweetest gifts. Thou wast the Eastern Gate of the Temple, kept for the King; thou wast also the Tabernacle which He sanctified for Himself: and yet thou wast more blessed for the perfection of thine obedience than for thy Divine Maternity. Thus in thy sweetness and thy beauty thou didst hasten on thy way. In thy sweetness thou wast far sweeter than the fragrance of the beds of Lilies that grow by the plentiful streams: and in thy beauty thou wast far lovelier than the Gates of Pearl that lead into the New Jerusalem. This was the brightness of thy way on those sunlit mountains that rejoiced beneath thy feet. Thus laden with blessings thou didst go forth in the morning. Beautiful were thy feet on the mountains, thou sweetest of Evangelists, for thou didst bring good tidings, and preach peace, and didst say to Sion, Thy God shall

reign. "How beautiful are thy steps in Shoes, O Prince's Daughter!"

Mary, beautiful and gracious, may I always listen with attention and reverence to the Gospel of thy Son. May I listen as I ought to the Gospel preached by this very Sacrifice of the Mass now being offered, and see thy Son set forth crucified amongst us.

Mary, Mother of love, obtain for me all the graces that I need.

St. John the Baptist, St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Francis Xavier, and Blessed Peter Claver, thank God for making Mary the channel of grace to His Church.

At the Credo.

"Who is she that cometh forth as the Morning-rising, fair as the Moon, bright as the Sun, terrible as an Army set in array?" It is that star-crowned Lady of whom the Church sings, "Rejoice, O Virgin-Mary, for thou hast destroyed all heresies throughout the world."

Dark and hideous is heresy ; bright and beautiful is the Truth. Beautiful beyond words is that Catholic Faith which Jesus gave to His Church. "He measured the City with a golden reed for twelve thousand furlongs, and the length and the height and the breadth thereof are equal." In the City there are "on the East, three gates ; and on the North, three gates ; and on the South, three gates ; and on the West, three gates." Beautiful and strong, changeless and indestructible, ever old and ever new, is the Faith of the Son of God. Hideous, defiled and defiling, are all manifestations of heresy : purifying and glorious is the Truth. Mary is the bulwark of the Faith ; the guardian of that Faith "as the Truth is in Jesus."

Jesus came into the world by Mary, and by Mary He giveth us grace. Heresies strike at Jesus through Mary ; but, on the other hand, through Mary Jesus is defended by His Church. The wisest and calmest and greatest of the Doctors of the Church are they to whom best is known

the glory of the Virgin-Mother, and the greatness of the work that God has given her to do. If we hold the truth about Mary, we are sure to hold the truth about Jesus and the ever-Blessed Trinity ; but if we dishonour our Lady, and deny her prerogatives, we are certain to deny the revelation of God about Himself. Thus Mary is bright as the sun to all the children of God : but terrible as an army set in array to all the enemies of His Church. "Behold, threescore valiant Ones of the most valiant in Israel surround the bed of Solomon, all holding swords, and most expert in war : every man's sword is on his thigh, because of fears in the night."

Mary, dear Mother, no science of Doctors, no science of the Apostles, no science of the Angels, can be compared with thine. Thou wast wise in all the learning of the Promised Land and Jerusalem, in all the learning of the Heavenly City of God. The Apostles took the law from thy lips. Those Princes of the Church sat at thy

feet to learn. Still thou teachest us sweetly and wisely about Jesus and His truth and the mysteries of His Kingdom.

Mary, dear Mother, obtain for me grace to be faithful unto death, that I may receive a crown of life. Help me rather to die than cherish a doubt about one truth which God has revealed by His Church.

St. Peter, St. John the Evangelist, and all ye holy Apostles, congratulate our Lady on the greatness of her science.

St. Paul, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, St. Leo, congratulate our Lady for me.

St. Basil, St. Athanasius, St. Cyprian, St. John Chrysostom, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, bless and praise God for making Mary the bulwark of the Faith.

At the Offertory.

O Mary, sun-clothed and star-crowned, no creature ever offered itself to God with a thousandth part of thy love. I love

thee, dearest mother, in thy Presentation in the Temple, when thou didst consecrate thyself, body and soul, to thy Creator. I love thee still more in that hour of agony when thou didst offer thy Son to God on the Altar of the Cross.

Mary, help me to love Jesus with all my heart in this Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

St. Joseph and St. Joseph of Arimathea, unite with our Lady in blessing and praising God.

At the Lavabo.

Thou art beautiful, O Mary, in the innocence of thy heart, and in all the faultless perfection of thine immaculate life. Saints and Angels, white-robed and glorious, stand ever in the sunshine of the Heavenly Day. The beauty of each is greater than the beauty of all worlds ; but thou art far more beautiful than they. The sisters and daughters of the Heavenly Love are as Lilies, white and sweet ; but compared to thee they are thorns. For thou

art the love of the Eternal King, and He says, "As the Lily amongst the thorns, so is My love amongst the daughters."

Mary, thou Lily, white and fragrant, help us to walk in white here with Jesus, and to keep ourselves unspotted from this world.

St. Mary Magdalen, first and sweetest of penitents, thank God for the souls that have been saved by the prayers of Mary.

At the Secret Prayers.

Very attractive, very lovely, O Mary, was the hidden life of Jesus in Nazareth with Joseph and with thee. Far more eloquent than words is the silence of the holy Home. Jesus, thy Divine Son, is always a hidden God. Now beneath impenetrable veils He is hidden in this holy Sacrifice. We see Him by faith, but our eyes behold Him not. His way is in the sea, and His paths in many waters; and His footsteps are not seen. To Him

are known the new names of the twelve times twelve of the Undeiled ; to Him also is known the hidden secret gathering of that great multitude which no man can number, palm-bearing, white-robed, before the Throne, in sight of the Lamb, brought from the four winds of Heaven, from all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues.

O Mary, thou knowest how weak and sinful I am ; without Divine grace I must be lost : pray for me, dear blessed Mother, that I may be kept from sin, and that my life may be hidden with Christ in God.

St. Joseph, thank God for all that He did for Mary in her hidden life at Nazareth.

At the Preface.

Sweet Virgin-Queen, it is to us a great joy to think how thou didst always lift up thy heart to God. Thy dear feet trod the sin-stained earth, but thy sinless heart and all thy treasure were with God in Heaven. Jesus, thy Divine Son, was with thee, and

when thou didst lift thy heart to Him on earth, thou didst lift it to God in Heaven. Wonderful is God in all His works; very wonderful in thee, my Mother Mary. Very sweet it is to think of thee, as we lift our hearts in gratitude to God, blessing and praising Him, and saying: It is right and just and life-giving to give thanks to Thee, always and everywhere, Holy Lord, Almighty Father, Eternal God. We laud and bless and magnify Thy Name for all Thy great gifts to Mary. We bless Thee for her Predestination, her Immaculate Conception, her Nativity, her Presentation, her vow of Perpetual Virginity, her Divine Maternity. We praise Thee for her Seven earthly Joys, her Seven Dolors, her Seven Joys in Heaven. We give Thee great thanks for her beautiful Death, her Assumption, and Coronation: for her Queenly glory in the great Kingdom of Jesus, and for the thrilling sweetness of her eternal rest upon the Sacred Heart.

“Blessed be He that cometh in the

name of the Lord." Jesus came in the name of the Lord to Mary; came to her sweetly and purely and graciously, by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. And whilst all the glory of her pure Virginity remained unsullied and undimmed, she gave an eternal light to the world, Jesus Christ our Lord, the Saviour of men. "He brought me back to the way of the Gate of the outward Sanctuary which looked toward the East; and it was shut. And the Lord said to me: This Gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall pass through it, because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, and it shall be shut for the Prince."

Now this Divine Son is coming to us in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass: "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Mary, sun-clothed, help me to lift my heart up to God; help me by this Mass to adore the Father in spirit and in truth.

Ye Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones,

congratulate our Lady on her great love for God.

At the Canon.

Most holy and most merciful Father, we bless and praise Thee for all Thy Goodness and all Thy Love. Thou hast given us Jesus to be our Saviour, and He has given us Mary to be our Mother. Thou hast sent Him, and He has come by His Own will, to be our Sacrifice day by day upon the Altar. Blessed and praised, dear God, Eternal Father, be Thy holy and venerable Name.

Mary, dear Mother, I cannot hear Mass as I ought. My soul is dark, and my heart is cold, and my eyes are dim. I do not see, as I might see, the brightness of the light burning in the Eternal Shrine. For me the gold is dim; the stones of the Sanctuary are scattered; Mount Sion is desolate, and the foxes walk on it. We are full of weariness, and no rest is given to us. But it is our own fault; for with

us is the glory of the Sanctuary. The light of the great Sacrifice begins to tremble on this Altar. Jesus is coming to us in His love. Dear Mother, remember all the Masses that John said in thy presence in the holy Home at Ephesus. No creature has ever heard Mass with love and devotion like thine. Then, day by day, thou didst assist at the very Sacrifice at which we are now assisting. O Mary, how beautiful thou dost seem to us, when we think of thee kneeling before the Altar, hearing Mass ! Look down on us, dearest Mother, from thy throne in Heaven : and ask Jesus to give us grace to love Him in this holy Sacrifice.

“ I will be to it, saith the Lord, a wall of fire round about ; and I will be in glory in the midst thereof.” “ The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty, He will save ; He will rejoice over thee with gladness ; He will be silent in His love ; He will be joyful over thee in praise.”

St. John, beloved Disciple, rejoice with

Mary, in the remembrance of all the Masses thou didst say at Ephesus.

Commemoration of the Living.

Mary, Jesus on His Cross gave thee to John and to us to be our Mother. In Heaven thou art our Mother, and lovest all thy children. It is a great joy to thee, blessed Mother, to pray for us. There are many things, my Mother Mary, for which I wish thee to pray.

[Here make your wants known to our Lady.]

At the Hanc igitur.

The glory is deepening round us, and the great Sacrifice is at hand. Jesus, in light and gladness and love, is coming to His Altar, as once, in sorrow and darkness and love, He went up Calvary to His Cross. But there are no stains of blood on the golden pavement of the streets of this New Jerusalem in which we dwell. And, listening now, I can hear no hissing of the scourge. As He comes, He is not

crowned with thorns ; but He has many Diadems on His royal Brow. His sharp heavy Cross is not on His shoulder, but in His Hand, once pierced, is the sceptre of His Kingdom. Then He was beautiful in His shame and agony : now He is beautiful in His majesty and glory and blessedness, wearing the Crown with which His Mother crowned Him in the day of His Espousals and the day of the joy of His heart. Thus in the light of His glory, in His Godhead and Manhood, He comes to us in Mass.

Mary, thou didst meet Jesus disfigured and covered with blood, as He carried His Cross along the Way of Sorrow. Then thou didst stand long hours beneath His Cross, sharing His agony, desolate, heart-broken, soul-pierced. O Mother of sorrow, by the remembrance of all thy sufferings, help me now to be with thee and John and Magdalen before this Altar, as before the mystical Cross of our Lord.

St. Veronica, who didst look on the

Face of Jesus in its disfigurement, rejoice now with Mary in beholding that Sacred Countenance glorified, the Face of the King in His Beauty.

At the Consecration.

Jesus, Thou art come to us: Thou art here on Thine Altar as on Thy Throne in Heaven. I adore and love Thee, my Lord and my God. With Mary I adore Thee and love Thee, as Thou reignest from the Corporal. Once by the word of Gabriel and the power of the Holy Ghost Thou didst come to Mary, not lessening but consecrating and making still more beautiful her pure Virginity. Now, by the word of Thy Priest and the power of the same Holy Ghost, Thou hast come to Thy creatures of Bread and Wine on this Altar. My Jesus, I adore Thee and love Thee. Thou art the First-Fruits of the Harvest, the first Gleaning of the Vintage. Our Corn and Wine are increased. Here is

the Bread of young men and the Wine of Virgins. "Sing praises and rejoice, O daughter of Sion, for behold I come ; and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord. And many nations shall be joined to the Lord in that day : and they shall be My people, and shall dwell in the midst of thee : and thou shalt know that the Lord of Hosts hath sent Me to thee." "Let all flesh be silent at the presence of the Lord ; for He is risen up out of His holy habitation." "I will move all nations ; and the Desired of all nations shall come ; and I will fill this House with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts. The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine."

Mary, call to mind those many times when thou didst adore Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, at the words of Consecration. As John, Virgin-Prophet of the Kingdom, stood before thee at the Altar lifting up the Sacred Host, thou with the intenseness and perfection of love didst adore Jesus in the brightness of His Coming.

Dear Mother, help me now to adore Jesus on this Altar ; help me also to make use of the graces that are flowing to me now from His Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament.

“He brought me again to the Gate of the House, and behold waters were flowing out from under the threshold of the House toward the East: for the front of the House looked toward the East: but the waters came down to the right side of the Temple, to the South part of the Altar.” “It was a torrent which I could not pass over; for the waters were risen so as to make a deep torrent which could not be passed over.” “Every living creature that creepeth, whithersoever the torrent shall come, shall live.” “All things shall live to which the torrent shall come.”

St. Joseph, who once didst carry Jesus about in the world, rejoice with our Lady.

Ye holy Apostles of the Lamb, rejoice with our Lady, because of all the Masses she heard whilst she was waiting for her Love.

The Commemoration of the Dead.

Nowhere, dear Mother, is thy love more felt and known than in the dim twilight of Purgatory and amidst the suffering of the Holy Souls. Consolation and refreshment are ever flowing from thy sinless hands, as thou sittest by the side of Jesus, to those Brides of thy Son who wait in longing pain and joy for the day of their deliverance. Thou art very gracious and very beautiful, as thou helpest the Holy Souls.

[Here mention to our Lady the Souls for which you especially wish her to pray.]

At the Nobis quoque.

We are sinful, dear Mother, but thou art sinless. With God there is a full redemption; and by the power of the Precious Blood of Jesus He guarded thee from all sin. Pray for us, that even to us may be granted a place amongst the Saints in light. I love thee in the glory of thy Assumption.

“Who is she that goeth up by the desert, as a Pillar of smoke of aromatical Spices, of Myrrh and Frankincense, and of all Powders of the perfumer?” It is Mary, whose sweetness filleth the whole Church of God. “Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning on her Beloved?” It is Mary, the Sister and Spouse of Jesus, to whom He says: “Arise, My love, My beautiful one, and come.” “One is My dove, My perfect one is but one.” “Thou art all fair, O My love, and there is not a spot in thee.” “Thy lips, My spouse, are as a dropping Honeycomb; Honey and Milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is as the smell of Frankincense. My sister, My spouse, is a Garden enclosed, a Garden shut up, and a Fountain sealed. Thy plants are a Paradise of Pomegranates, with the fruits of the Orchard.”

Stately as the white Lilies on the Mountains of Bether, and sweet as the Rose-beds of Saron, as the Lilies of the valley of Sorec,

wast thou, O star-crowned Mary, on the day of thine Assumption.

Ye holy Angels, who welcomed Mary on that day, rejoice greatly with her now in the presence of the King.

At the Pater noster.

Eternal Father, Thou hast a great joy in Mary, Thine elect Daughter, as she dwells before Thee in the Heavenly Paradise. Thine Eternal Son has a great joy in her as His Virgin-Mother, and Thine Eternal Spirit rejoices over her as His Virgin-Bride. The voice of prayer is always sweet in Thine Ears, but I cannot tell what it must have been when our Blessed Lady said the Divine Prayer of Thy Son. I love to think of our beautiful Mother saying, Our Father, &c.

At the Agnus Dei.

With all my heart, dear Jesus, I thank Thee for the way in which Thou didst redeem Mary. I thank Thee also for the joy

that Thou didst give to her when she said :
“ My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.” I call to mind all Thy Passion and the darkness of Thy Death ; and I love Thee because Thou didst deliver Thyself for me on the Cross. O, Lamb of God, have mercy upon me. I call to mind, also, the Seven Dolours of Thy Virgin-Mother ; and I love and venerate her in her purple raiment. Dear Lord, Thy sun-clothed Mother is never more beautiful and more glorious, never more queenly, never sweeter, never more full of grace, than in those Sorrows, wider and deeper than the sea. “ The Lord will yet comfort Sion ; and He will yet choose Jerusalem.”

Mary, bring me always to the Lamb of God, Who alone can take away my sins.

Ye beautiful Virgin-Martyrs, rejoice with our Blessed Lady in Heaven and before this Altar.

St. Catharine of Alexandria, St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, St. Lucy, St. Agatha, bless and

praise God for the glory of our sinless Mother.

At the Communion.

O most loving Jesus, Thou givest Thyself to Thy people in Holy Communion. I am overwhelmed with wonder at Thy great love. As Thou didst come to Mary by the hands of John, so by the hands of Thy Priests, for two thousand years, Thou hast come to all who seek for Thee at Thy Altar. Now, Incarnate Word, Thou art coming to me. Thou comest to me in the very same Body which Mary held in her arms in Bethlehem and on Calvary. Most loving Jesus, come to me, and stay with me for ever, that I may be for ever with Thee.

Mary, dear Mother, help me to receive Jesus, thy Son. I love to think of thee receiving Communion from the hands of John. Then Jesus came to thee and dwelt with thee, and thy heart was on fire with love. Thus He comes to us with our dark

cold hearts. O Mother Mary, listen to us ; and hear us in our loneliness and sorrow and desolation ; and pray to the Holy Ghost, thy Divine Spouse, to make our hearts bright with the pure strong flame of love. Dear Mother, by all the times thou didst receive Jesus in Holy Communion, help us now.

“By the torrent, on the banks thereof on both sides, shall grow all Trees that bear fruit : their leaf shall not fall off, and their fruit shall not fail : every month shall they bring forth first-fruits, because the waters thereof shall flow out of the Sanctuary : and the fruits thereof shall be for Food, and the leaves thereof for Medicine.”

Melchisedech, Virgin-King of Salem, unite with our Lady in thanking God for the Bread and Wine of the New Creation.

St. John the Evangelist, Disciple whom Jesus loved, remember the Masses thou didst say before Mary at Ephesus, and unite with our Lady in thanking God for

the Food that He ever gives to His people at the Altar.

At the Collects.

“Behold a Man, the Orient is His name, and under Him shall He spring up, and shall build a Temple to the Lord.” “They that are far off shall come, and shall build in the Temple of the Lord; and shall know that the Lord of hosts sent Me to you.” “Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Behold, I will save My people from the land of the East and from the land of the going down of the sun. And I will bring them, and they shall dwell in the midst of Jerusalem; and they shall be My people, and I will be their God in truth and in justice.” “What is His good thing, and what is His beautiful thing, but the Corn of the Elect, and the Wine that maketh Virgins?” “Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I am returned to Sion, and I will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem; and Jerusalem shall be called the City of Truth, and the moun-

tain of the Lord of hosts shall be called the sanctified Mountain." "Great shall be the glory of this last House, more than of the first, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place I will give peace, saith the Lord of hosts."

Ye holy Prophets, rejoice with our Lady, and love the Messias for Whom ye waited, the Expectation of the nations, the Desire of the everlasting Hills, Who was sent and Who came.

Ye four and twenty Ancients before the Throne, praise God for the glory of Mary.

Ye four Living Creatures before the Throne, praise God for the beauty of Mary.

At the last Gospel.

"Come from Libanus, My Spouse, come from Libanus, come; thou shalt be crowned from the top of Amana, from the top of Sanir and Hermon, from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards. Thou hast wounded My Heart, My Sister,

My Spouse ; thou hast wounded My Heart with one of thine eyes, with one hair of thy neck." This is the Voice of Jesus thrilling in the sinless heart of Mary. The King calleth for the Queen of the bright world of His Elect. "She was exceedingly fair, and her incredible beauty made her appear sweet and lovely in the eyes of all." "The King loved her more than all the women, and she had favour and kindness before Him above all the women, and He set the royal crown on her head, and made her Queen." There was "a King Who made a marriage for His Son." "And He commanded a magnificent feast to be prepared for all the Princes and for His servants for the marriage and wedding of Esther," that is, Mary. Sweetly Mary slept amongst the lilies in her garden-tomb, whilst her Love was waiting. Her soul was with her Love. "On the third day she laid aside the garments she wore, and put on her glorious apparel." "And glittering in royal robes" "she passed through

all the Doors in order, and stood before the King, where He sat upon His royal Throne, clothed with His royal robes, and gleaming with gold and precious stones." "And the King arose to meet her, and bowed to her, and sat down upon His Throne: and a throne was set for the King's Mother, and she sat on His right Hand." "Come from Libanus, My Spouse, come from Libanus, come: thou shalt be crowned." "Arise, make haste, My love, My dove, My beautiful one, and come. For Winter is now past, and the Rain is over and gone." "Come near, then, and touch the Sceptre." "And, as she held her peace, He took the golden Sceptre, and laid it upon her neck, and kissed her."

Now, and to all eternity, Mary, the Queen of Heaven, the first-fruits of the redemption of Jesus, ever-virgin, sinless, undefiled, lieth in her love and sweetness and majesty and graciousness, crowned upon the Sacred Heart. With her one day will be all the Redeemed Church, espoused

as a chaste Virgin to Christ. The Bride, purchased with blood, is for ever with her Love. The left Hand of the King is under her head, and His right Hand embraces her. The Bridegroom, decked with a crown, reigneth on the eternal Throne ; and the Bride, adorned with her jewels, lieth at rest on the Heart of God.

THE END.

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